

173.
Prison Thoughts,

WRITTEN BY

Thō : Browning

CITIYEN AND COOK OF

LONDON,

Who hath been a PRISONER in
Ludgate, ever since the *Twelveth*
day of *August*, 1680.

*Dum Spiro, Spero; in Deum, Adjutorem
meum.*

London, Printed, and are to be Sold
by the Author, in *Ludgate* (who is
still a Prisoner there.) Anno 1682.



To the Worshipful *Geo. Dashwood, Esq;*
Dame Margeret his Wife, the Lady
Elizabeth Hare their Daughter; *John*
Pery, Esq; *Mrs. Katherine Browning*
 my Wife, where ever she is, and to all
 that are related to their Families,
 Grace and Peace.

NOtwithstanding my many great Troubles, I have
 had some retired Thoughts in my Adolescents,
 which are here brought to publick View, and do desire
 you to Patronize the same. If you and others shall
 find such benefit by reading them, as I have done by
 writing the same, my ends are answered. Time was,
 when I had no Thoughts of putting my self in Print,
 but, *Necessitas non habet Legem.* These are my
 first Fruits as an Offering to the World, which pray ac-
 cept. I do intend another suddenly, which perhaps may
 be more acceptable, and sell better than this. My weak
 Endeavours shall not be any whit wanting therein.

Who am Your Most Humble and Obedient
 Servant in the Lord,

Thomas Browning.

Nosse Teipsum.

Vivat Rex, Curret Lex, Floret Grex.

Finis Coronat Opus.

*A Copy of a Letter sent to my Wife:**My Admiration,*

IN my Fifty Eighth Letter I sent you some Verses, and this is my Fifty Ninth, where you may find an Epistle, which pray peruse. It is in vain to expect any Approbation from you, having never yet received one Line in Writing from your Hand. And perceiving that you are resolved neither to see, nor send to me, I do think that this may be the last time that I may trouble you in Writing : only remember that you have abused, neglected, slighted, and robbed a most Indulgent and loving Husband; for which I pray God to give you a hearty Repentance, before it be too late, and there be no meanes left to help your self; as likewise all those who have unlawfully, and very maliciously advised against me without any Cause. And if you, or they have any Pretences, I do hereby dare either to make them known to me, or the World; assuring that mine shall shortly be made known in Print, with as much Severity as Truth will bear, who am still your Loving, though most Abused Husband,

*Thomas Browning.*

Pri-

Prison Thoughts, &c.

OH despised, despised, despised; rejected, rejected, rejected, and Destroyed by you, my own Dear Wife, whose Name is *Katherine Browning*; I pity, I pity, I pity, and shall not cease Praying for you Day and Night, that you may be converted: when you hear of *Brownings* Death, occasioned by your meanes, you may shed a tear for him, if there be any Grace in you; none ought to despise their own Flesh; *Whom God hath joyned together, let none put asunder*: And if you had not gone from me, you might have been Mistris of our Company; they have chosen an old Master this year in my stead. Take heed of these dreadful Sentences: *You that are filthy, be filthy still. There remains no more Sacrifice for Sin, but a fearful looking for of Judgment, Fiery Indignation, and fierce Anger of the Lord: with a, Go ye Cursed into Everlasting Fire, prepared for Devils and Damn'd Spirits. From which Place, Good Lord deliver us.* My Epistle begins: *Few and evil have been the days of my Pilgrimage, I have had for Inheritance the Months of Vanity, and painful Nights have been appointed unto me; and do know that hereafter is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness, and not for me only, but for all them who love the appearance of the Lord Jesus: Therefore all the days of my Life will I wait as a Hireling till my Change shall come. For I desire to be Dissolved, and to be with Christ, and do long to remove out of the Body, to dwell with the Lord; For I do know that if this Earthly House of my Tabernacle were destroyed, I have a Building given of God, that is a House not made with Hands, but Eternal in the Heavens: Therefore I sigh, desiring to be clothed with my House which is from Heaven: and I do heartily look for, and do hope, that in noth ng I shall be ashamed, but that with all confidence Christ shall be magnified in my Body, whether it be by Life or Death, for whether I live, it is to the Lord, or whether I die, it is to the Lord, therefore whether I live or die, I am the Lords. To Him therefore be Praise and Glory for evermore. I have fought a good Fight, I have kept the Faith,*
and

and do know in whom I have Believed, and am perswaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to his Charge: Against that Day, the Lord will quicken my mortal Body, and make it like to his own Glorious Body: Yea, though after my Skin, Worms destroy this Body, yet I shall see God in my Flesh, whom I my self shall see, and mine Eyes shall behold, and none other for me, though my Reins be consumed within me, therefore I willingly lay down my Life, and commit my Soul unto God, as unto my faithful Creator. How excellent is thy Mercy, O God, therefore do I trust under the Shadow of thy Wings. O blessed is the man whom thou dost choose, and causest to come unto thee; he shall dwell in thy Courts, and shall be satisfied with the Pleasures of thine House, even of thy Holy Temple, thou shalt give him drink out of the Rivers of thy Pleasures; for with thee is the Well of Life, and in thy Light shall we see Light; send me therefore thy Light and thy Truth, and let thy good Spirit lead me unto the Land of Righteousness. Carry me, O Lord, by thy Mercy, and bring me in thy Strength to thy Holy Habitation. Plant me in the Mountain of thine Inheritance, even in the Place which thou hast prepared, and the Sanctuary which thou hast Established, that I may see the Goodness of the Lord in the Land of the Living. Let me behold thy Face in Righteousness, and let me be satisfied with thine Image, for in thy Presence is the Fulness of Joy, and at thy right Hand are Pleasures for evermore: Into thy Hands, O Lord, I commend my Spirit, for thou hast Redeemed it, O Lord God of Truth. Lord Jesus receive my Spirit. The end of the upright man is Peace. As many as walk according to this Rule, Peace shall be upon them, and upon the Israel of God. Now unto Him that is able to keep us, that we fall not, and to present us faultless before the Presence of his Glory with Joy, to God only-wise be Glory, Majesty, Dominion, and Power, both now and ever, ever, ever, Amen.

Ludgate, The 12th. of April, 1682.

For my most Esteemed Mistriss Katherine Browning, These.

This was sent to her Aunt Madam Margaret Dashwood by the hand of Mr. Joseph Steed, her Nephew, to be conveyed as is Directed.

Shall

Shall there be nothing left me but a Grave?
 Shall I at last no other Dwelling have?
 Oh let not Flesh and Blood take note of this,
 For if She do, 'twill poison all her Bliss.
 Could She but meditate on such a thing,
 She would have little cause to laugh or sing;
 It is a Death to her to think of Death,
 How she shall rot, and loose her loved Breath.
 Yet the great *Jew* that wisely could discerne
 What things were not, and what were vanity,
 What pleased the Soul, and what the Flesh did pain,
 Did never think the thought of this was vain.
 Then let my Soul, though Flesh and Blood, repine;
 Ponder on that, shall make them both Divine;
 But why, O foolish Flesh, shak'st thou at this,
 Shrink'st thou from that which thy best Physick is,
 Thou art Earth born, from it thou didst descend,
 And here grown Sick, thou canst not easily mend,
 Till t'ward thy Native Countrey thou repair;
 And draw thy Meditations that cold Air.
 Change but this Air, and think upon thy End,
 Thy Sin will lessen, and thy Soul will mend.
 For as at Sea, when Clouds put out the Stars,
 When Winds from Heaven, and Waves from Earth make
 And mad brain'd Sailors all the Decks o'rewhelm, (Wars,
 The Pilate sadly sitting at the Helm,
 Better directs the Ship where it should go,
 Than all their wild Endeavours can: even so
 When through the Worlds dark Storms we send,
 One quiet Pilot sitting at the End:
 One thought of Death our Course more right doth guide,
 Than all the vain Works of our Life beside.
 These thoughts will make those which our Souls blood quaff,
 Like *Horfeleeches* strow'd ore with Dust, fall off.
 If then to think of Death be so, Oh, why
 Should any think it is not good to die?
 That of all things that Mortals fear and shun,
 Doth hurt or grieve us least when it is done:
 This is the Port, this is Sins perfect Cure,
 Till our Grave cover us, we ne're are sure:

This only last remains, thither let's hast,
 Since Flesh and Blood still longs to know what's last :
 It ever hath belong'd to Mortal Wights,
 That several Heads take several Delights,
 Some unto good, and some to bad have will,
 But leaving that which I delight in : ill.
 I joy in three which few can discommend,
 And most desire next to a constant Friend ;
 And these are they that draw me most along,
 A *well writ Book*, a *Picture*, and a *Song* ;
 But as for Wealth, in which most take delight,
 I get it not, nor of it do I write ;
 But of those things endeavour brought me to,
 I somewhat know, and somewhat I can do,
 And these I love, and they do love to be
 With such as love and seek their company :
 But will they stay with me, Oh no, alas,
 They were belov'd long time before I was :
 And when their Lovers died, they'd shroud and spread,
 Nor will they go with me when I am dead :
 Some Learned Friend perhaps may on my Herse
 Scatter some Lines, and strew the Cloth with Verse ;
 Painting perchance may gild some Flag or Banner,
 And stick it on my Coffin for mine Honour ;
 Musick may sing my Dirge, and tell all Ears
 I lov'd that Art which now their Sences hears.
 And when 'tis done, and I no more can have,
 Nothing will tarry with me but the Grave :
 And 'tis most just, for here I did receive them,
 I found them when I came, and here I leave them.
 But will the things I want, and others have
 Accompany their Owners to the Grave ?
 Will Beauty go; and strength in Death appear,
 Will Honour, or proud Riches tarry there ?
 They all say, nay, for let grim Death draw near,
 Beauty looks pale, and Strength doth faint for fear :
 Ther's little Lust or Pride in naked Bones,
 And Honour sits on Cushions, not cold Stones ;
 Nay, ask our Friends, that when we are in Health,
 Would die for love of us, or for our Wealth.

Mark what they set their Hands to, view it well,
 Your Friend till Death, but once being dead, fare well.
 Nought then will tarry but the Grave, for note,
 How of a man new dead men talk by Rote ;
 This was his Wife, saith one, this was his Land,
 This was his Friend, that was his Building, and
 This was his Wealth, that his chiefest Bliss,
 And thus they ~~talk~~ a while of what was his :
 But walk the Church-yard, and thou shalt have
 Report, till Dooms-day, say, this is his Grave :
 If Kings and Queens then can no more procure,
 Nought but my Grave will tarry with me sure.
 Why therefore should I strive to get such Things,
 Since what the World contains no Surety brings,
 Like men that clasp at Spirits, catch the Air,
 So while we look after the things seem fair,
 And gripe at all the World to serve our Lust,
 It through our Fingers slips, and leaves but dust ;
 Yet still the nearer Death we grow in Years,
 This scraping Humour in us more appears,
 And drowns not till we sink, so must it be,
 For dying men will grasp at all they see
 While they can see, when Sence fails, farewell all,
 The World's too heavy, then they let it fall.
 Though we are born clutch-fisted, when we die
 We spread our Palms, and let them slip by ;
 And then when nothing else will with us stay,
 We must our selves remain with Earth and Clay ;
 Since all I want here, God gives, and I have,
 What can I more expect now but my Grave ?
 Here must we be, and where else shall we rest ?
 Is not a mans own House, to sleep in, best ?
 If this be all our House, they are to blame,
 That brag of the great Houses whence they came ;
 And evermore their Speech they interlace,
 I and my Fathers House, Alas ! Alas !
 What is my Fathers House, and what am I ?
 My Fathers House is Earth, where I must lye,
 And I a Worm, no man, that fit no room,
 Till like a Worm I crawl into my Tomb.

This is my Dwelling, this my truest home,
 A House of Clay best fits a House of Lome ;
 Nay 'tis my House, for I perceive I have
 In all my Life, ne're dwelt out of a Grave ;
 The Womb was first my Grave, whence since I rose
 My Body Grave-like doth my Soul inclose,
 Dying each Night, lyes buried in my Bed,
 My Body like a Corps with Sheets o'respread,
 O're which my spreading Teasures large extent,
 Born up with Antiques, makes my Monument ;
 And o're my head perchance such things may stand,
 When I am quite run out in Dust and Sand ;
 My close low builded Chamber to my Eye,
 Like to a Chappel shews, wherein I lye,
 While at my Window pritty Birds do ring
 My Knell, and with their Notes my Obits sing :
 Thus when the days vain toil my Soul hath wear'd
 I in my Body, Bed, and House, lie buried.
 Then have I little cause to fear my Tomb,
 When this wherein I live is my Grave become ;
 Nay, we do not only our selves intomb,
 But make for others, Graves in our own Womb,
 Creatures of Sea and Land we in them bury,
 And at their Funerals are blith and merry,
 Who groan to serve us thus, and die unwilling,
 How can we then live long, who live by killing ?
 Methinks we should neither eat nor drink,
 But strait to dig our Graves we should bethink ;
 For since by their dead Bodies we are fed,
 I wonder all this while we are not dead :
 It is an old said Law, yet still in request,
When Belly is full, then Bones would be at rest.
 Well, have we fed the Flesh ? and from Sins Cup,
 Have drunk Iniquity like water up ;
 The Creatures we have eaten flead and shorn,
 The Fruits from Earth to feed us, we have torn.
 Are we not satisfied, Oh sure 'tis best,
 That after all we get our Bones to rest,
 And no where can the Flesh true slumber have,
 But in our truest home, our homely Grave ;

There we sleep sound, there let the Tempests roar,
 The Worlds proud Waves shall dash on us no more
 W're all deluded, vainly searching ways,
 To make us happy by the length of days :
 For cunningly to make's protract this breath,
 The Gods conceal the happiness of Death ;
 We are at home, and safe, whatever comes,
 Let them fight on, we shall not hear their Drums ;
 Let those be doted on, now love, or hate,
 It shall not grieve us, though they prove ingrate ;
 Yea, let them praise, or rule, we lie aloof
 Out of their reach, our sleep is Cannon proof ;
 And we but sleep, for as we close our eyes,
 Each night we go to Bed in hopes to rise ;
 So do we die, for when the Trump doth blow,
 We shall as easily awake we know,
 And as we after sleep, our Bodies find
 More fresh in strength, and chearfully inclin'd ;
 So after Death, our Flesh here dead and dried,
 Shall rise Immortal, new and purified ;
 If this be true, why make we no more hast,
 'Tis time to sleep, day fails, Night draws on fast,
 Let's get us home, for as the Evening Sun,
 Looking us in the face when day is done
 Makes us cast longer Shadows, so when Death
 Looks in our face through Age, and claims our Breath,
 We cast his shadow long off from our sight,
 Yet may we know right well 'tis almost night,
 And when we see night come in frowning Skies,
 What man will not go home, if he be wise ?
 Here let him come, this House is of such fashion,
 The Tenant ne're shall pay for Reparation,
 There shall the Due not wet him, Cold not harm him,
 There shall no Summer weather over warm him.
 From thence he'll find, when thither he is gone,
 A private Walk to Heaven for 'mself alone :
 Why do we not then go ? Are Flesh and Blood
 The hinderers that clog us from our Good ?
 Oh ! rid thy self at home, and cast off those,
 What wise man ever went to bed in's Cloaths ?

Shall we that know how after this Life ends,
 An Everlasting one for us attends,
 Grieve to lay down these rags for Earth to keep,
 That we a while may take a nap of Sleep.
 Then were we worfe than children : for but say,
 That they to morrow shall have Holy-day,
 They'l streight to bed, and put off all Apparel :
 Then cease, my Flesh, with Heavens Decree to quarrel,
 And with these words reduce thy Thoughts that come,
 He that dies first, shall only first go home ;
 But when thy Flesh hither to thee prepares,
 Say, as when thou goest to bed, thy Prayers ;
 Since he most oft forgets himself in Death,
 That thinks not of his God that gives him breath ;
 Invoke his Mercy e're thy rest thou take,
 For as thou fall'st asleep, so shalt thou wake ;
 This House, of which before we have been telling,
 Is but a sleeping Chamber, not a Dwelling :
 For when thou wak'st, this House no more shall hold thee,
 But that whereof the blessed Apostle told thee,
 Saying, *If this our earthly House shall once decay,*
We have a House not made by hands with Clay,
But in the Heavens. Eternal blest is he,
 Whom thou, O Lord, admittest there to be,
 He in thy Courts shall dwell, thy Temples store
 Shall in thy House fill him for evermore ;
 But stay, my Soul, thou canst not yet come thither,
 Thy Wings are clog'd, and thou more strength must gather ;
 Mean time till from the Earth thou get'st free scope,
 Even in thy Grave thy Flesh shall rest In Hope.

Meditations on Sleep.

THe Night is come like to the Day,
 Depart not thou, great God away ;
 Let not my sins, black as the Night,
 Ecclipse the lustre of thy Light ;
 Keep still in my Horizon, for to me
 The Sun makes not the Day, but thee ;
 Thou whose Nature cannot sleep,
 On my Temples Centinel keep,

Guard me against those watchful Foes,
 Whose Eyes are open while mine close,
 Let no Dreams my Head infest,
 But such as *Jacobs* Temples blest;
 Whil't I do rest, my Soul advance,
 And make my rest an holy Trance,
 That I may, my rest being wrought,
 Be wak't into some holy thought,
 And with an active vigour run
 My Course, as doth the nimble *Sun*;
 Sleep is a Death, Oh make me try,
 By sleeping, what it is to dye;
 And as gently lay my head
 On my Grave, as now my Bed;
 How ere I rest, great God, let me
 Awake again at last with thee;
 And thus assur'd, behold I lye
 Securely whether to wake, or dye;
 These are my drowzy Days, in vain
 I do now wake to sleep again:
 Oh come that hour, when I shall never
 Sleep no more, but wake for ever.
 Thus shall I take leave of the *Sun*,
 Desiring sleep till th' Resurrection.

Against Drowziness.

Permit not sluggish sleep
 To close your waking Eye,
 Till you with Judgment deep
 Your dayly Actions try;
 He that his sins as Darlings keeps,
 When he to quiet goes,
 More desperate is, than he that sleeps
 Among his mortal Foes;
 At Night lye down prepar'd to have
 Thy sleep thy Death, thy Bed thy Grave.

On Patience.

Patience is the Poor mans Walk,
Patience is the Dumb mans Talk,
Patience is the Lame mans Thighs,
Patience is the Blind mans Eyes.
Patience is the Poor mans ditty.
Patience is the Exil'd mans City.
Patience the sick mans Bed of Down.
Patience is the Wife man Crown.
Patience is the live mans Story.
Patience is the dead mans Glory.
 When your Troubles do controul,
 In *Patience* possess your Soul.

Formerly, when I have seriously thought and remembred my Vow in *Baptism*, it hath made me couragious to fight against the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*, which hath made me often take up Resolutions, that I would scorn to be a Coward: but as Fools make a mock at Sin, so have I deceived my self by too eager pursuing Worldly Vanities, thinking to have found undermcon Comforts, till I found my self beset with Snares, and that there were bitter things written against me, which pierced me with sorrows, and I was almost in despair, had I not been sustained with these Comforts following, which hath since much refreshed me, and vanquished the Tempter, so that now I do rejoyce in God my Saviour, and the Lord hath thus spoken. *Oh my Beloved, why fearest thou, and art so cast down, and disquieted within thy self? Dost thou well to be angry with my Chastisements? And why art thou offended that I should make thee like my self? Causing thee to walk in the way of inward and outward Griefs, which I did tread before thee. Why refusst thou to take up my Cross and follow me, and to taste of that Cup which I drank before, and for thee? (The Soul)* Oh Lord, give me of thy Spirit, and all trouble with thee, or for thee, shall be sweet unto me. What ever thou didst, Oh Lord, it was for me; and if I were so disposed, as I should, then would I be content to bear all that thou my God shouldst be pleased to lay upon me. But alas! it is my cursed Corruptions that makes me think thy Cross my Burthen. Lord therefore uphold me by thy Grace, that I may count thy Yoak easie, and find joy in these Sufferings with thee.

The

The Lord. I know the Cause of thy Grief and Terror to be the Consideration of thy Sins. But I pray thee, Why lookest thou so to thy Sins, that thou lookest not to my Mercies? Why wouldest thou so extol thy evil Deeds, that thou shouldst extenuate my rich Mercies, or any way compare the one with the other? Was it for thy good Deeds that I did first enter into Friendship with thee? And thinkest thou now that for thy evil Deeds I will utterly forsake thee? Seeing it is among my Praises, that the Work which I have begun, I will perfect it. I like it well indeed, to see thee grieved for the Sins thou hast committed against me: But I would also have thee comforted in the Mercies that I have shewed thee: Call to mind my Works of old, & what I have done to thee since thou canst remember. How cared I for thee in thy young and tender Years? Look back now and see. Did not the Angel of my Presence lead thee when thou hadst no wisdom nor strength to govern thee? Did not I then begin to acquaint thee with the Knowledge and Fear of my Name? Canst thou deny now that my Mercy preserved thee from many Sins whereunto thy Nature was prone, and ready to have declined? And when thou sinnedst, with what long patience have I waited thy turning, and how lovingly have I winked at thy Transgressions? And when I had given thee Grace to repent of thy Sins, and to seek for my Favour and Mercy for the Sins of thy youth, with a melting heart and a mourning eye. Canst thou deny that I have filled thy Heart with my Joys, and made thy tongue to burst out in singing and glorying Speeches? And why then wilt thou not trust in my Mercies to the end?

(The Soul) I were, O Lord, most unthankful if I should not confess, that many a time in the multitude of my thoughts, thy Mercies have comforted me. But alas! I have not answered thy Loving Kindness; for after many Mercies received, I have sinned against thee contrary to my Light; and my sins are now before me, witnessing that I am unworthy to taste of the sweetness of thy Mercies any more. (The Lord) Is my Mercy only for a Day, or a Year? Or is it for ever and ever towards those that I have made mine in Christ Jesus? Wilt thou restrain my Mercies, and limit them within thy narrow Bounds, as to think they cannot be extended over all thy Transgressions? Wilt thou measure my Mercies with so narrow a span, as to think that I have no more to give than thou hast to receive. Is it not among my Praises, That I am able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that my Children can ask, or think, of me. Knowest thou not, that as the Heavens are above the Earth, so are my Thoughts above thine? Hast thou not considered that my Mercy is above all my Works? How much

more

more then is it above thee, who art nothing in comparison of my mighty Works? And if it be above thee, how much more above all thou canst do. Why then wilt thou match thy Sins with my Mercies? If I require such Mercy in my Children, that I will have them to forgive one another, not only seven times, but seventy times seven times. What pity, compassion, and readiness to forgive is in my self. Therefore my Beloved, despair not for the multitude of thy Sins; but be comforted with my Promises of Mercy. I have made them without Exceptions of Sins: For albeit they were Sins of Scarlet, they shall be made white as Wool. I have made them without exception of Persons. For whosoever shall depart from his Wickedness and turn to me, I will receive him. Let this threefold Universality of my Promises sustain thee, that thy Infidelity contract not my Mercy into narrower bounds than I have extended them. (The Soul) Be merciful, O Lord to my Infidelity. I believe in part, Lord, help my Unbelief. Establish and confirm my unstable heart with thy good Spirit. My Conscience doth in such sort condemn me, that I stand in fear of thy Justice; for thou art greater than my Conscience, and wilt much more condemn me, if thou dost enter into Judgment with me. (The Lord) Oh my Beloved, consider that the Cause of thy present Unquietness is, because with the one Eye thou lookest to thy Sins, and my Fathers Justice, and with thy other Eye lookest not to me, in whom his Justice is satisfied, and thy Sins punished already. Tell me, I pray thee, Thinkest thou in thy self, to get such a Holiness of thy Disposition, that which shall exempt thee from the Fear of his Justice? Or art thou content to seek it in me? If in thy self thou seekest it, remember what thou art doing. Wilt thou have the Lord bound and obliged to thee? Wilt thou be thy own Saviour? Or shall it be said, His Mercy Saved thee not. If no misery were in thee, whereupon should his Mercy be manifested? And if thy disposition in the Earth be such as it should be, then what remains, but that the Praise of his Mercy should fall to the ground. Turn thee therefore to me, and seek thy Life in me. If thou wilt know what it thine, thou art a Sinner. Let my Praise be reserved to my self. I am thy Saviour. Esteemest thou that my words are ineffectual, or that there is no force in my Suffering. Countest thou thy Sins so deadly, that my Merit & Virtue cannot cure them: Will a Physician pour out a rare Ointment either where no need is, or where it cannot profit: and thinkest thou that my Father would have my Blood to be shed in vain. If his Justice terrifies thee, remember his Justice was satisfied in me, and that he pronounceth this Sentence Himself: This is my Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased. I came into the World, not to call the Righteous, but Sinners to Repentance. Tarry not from me because thou art a Sinner, but for that Cause come unto me, & I will refresh thee (The

(The Soul) *Oh Lord, I know there is a cleansing and reconciling Vertue in thy Blood. That Life is in thy Death. But still I fear my Sins deserve that thou shouldst never apply thy Vertue, nor thy Merits to me: for alas, I find that the Old man is lively and strong in me; and that the motions of Sin have power in me to bring forth Fruits unto Death.* (The Lord) Be not I pray thee injurious to thy self in the work of my Grace in thee; Complain not of thy Corruptions. But that thou mayst give unto me my own praise. Canst thou deny but thou hast felt my Power working in thy Soul? Have I not sprinkled thy Conscience many times with the purifying and pacifying Blood of Christ, from which hath flowed to thee such a witnessing of good things, such a sence of Mercies, as for the time hath filled thy heart with Joys, & thy mouth with Songs of Praise? Have I not stirred thee up sometimes with great fervency to call upon the Name of the Lord? Have I not made thee to give Christs Name a publick Testimony with thine own disadvantage? And how often hath thy heart been effectually moved at the hearing of my Word, in such sort, that it wrought in thee a holy Remorse, and an inward Contrition for Sin, which hath broken out into tears? Have I not made thee to wrestle against thine inordinate Lusts? Have I not given thee Strength many a time to stand against Satans Temptations? Whereas if I had left thee to thy self, how often hadst thou been made a Prey to thine Enemy? Remembrest thou not that the Tempter hath often assaulted thee? But I have withdrawn the occasion of Sin: and when the occasion hath served, did I not restrain and hold back the Tempter? Yea, when both the occasion and Tempter were present, have I not filled thy heart with the Fear and Love of my Name, and so kept thee from sinning against me? And whereas many times of thy weakness thou hast offended, Did not I with a melting heart and mourning eye raise thee again, and renew my former familiarity with thee? So that thou canst never say, from the first hour that I begun to renew thee, that I have suffered thee to lye in thy Sin, as I have done others that are Strangers to my Grace; and many notable Effects of my working in thee, thou canst not deny. Are not these the undoubted Tokens of my Grace in thee? Will Nature do such things? Mayst thou not feel by these, that I have begun to apply to thee Christs Merits for the Remission of thy Sins, and Christs Vertue for quickening thee to a new Life? Therefore think of thy self as barely as thou wilt; but let the Work of my Grace be esteemed by thee accord-

ing to the excellency of it. Be humble and cast down when thou lookest on thine own corruption. I find no fault with thee, but I rejoyce and am glad of the new Workmanship which I have begun in thee. Indeed if there were nothing in thee but that which thou hast by nature, thy state were very miserable : but seeing thou findest a new Workmanship in thee, be comforted. Art thou in Darkness, that there is no Light in thee? Or doth Sin possess thee, that besides it, also there is not a Will in thee to do Good, and a Love to Righteousness. If thou saist that thou hast no Sin in thee, thou art a *Lyer*. And if thou saist thou hast no other thing in thee but Sin, thou art also a *Lyer*. And thinkest thou that seeing I have begun to translate thee into my Light, and to make thee a new Creature, thinkest thou that I will leave thee till I have done, till I have done my Work in thee. Therefore my Beloved give not such ear to *Satan* and thy own Corruptions, as to take this Testimony against me, or make thee think that my Pledges which I have given thee, are not worthy of Credit, that by *them* thou shouldst be assured of my *Mercy*. (The Soul) *I cannot deny, O Lord, but that many times I have felt the sweetness of thy heavenly Consolations, which have greatly rejoiced my Soul. But alas! my grief is so much the more, that by my own Defaults I should now be deprived of them: for I have grieved thy Holy Spirit; yea, I have done what I could to quench him, and therefore it is, that the Comforter who was wont to refresh my Soul, is away, nor can I feel his Presence with me as before. (The Lord.)* Because I am not changed, therefore it is that ye, O Sons of *Jacob*, are not consumed: many are the Changes indeed wherunto you are subject, but I remain the same, and there is no shadow of alteration with me. Be not therefore afraid, O my Beloved, neither esteem thy self to be rejected of me; albeit that sometimes I hide my face from thee. All my ways are Mercy and Truth to mine. It is for thee that sometimes I go from thee, and it is for thee that again I do return unto thee: for if I come, it is for thy Consolation, that continual heaviness should not oppress thee by thy manifold Temptations. How often hast thou found this when thou wert sick of Love: I have strengthened thee with Flagons of my own, and comforted thee with my Apples: my Fruit hath been sweet in thy mouth, and I have put my Left-hand under thy Head, and with my Right-hand I have embraced thee. But least the greatness of my Consolations should exalt thee to disdain thy Brother, and offend me, by imputing that to thy own disposition, which thou hast
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of my Dispensation, I have again withdrawn these glorious feelings from thee; give me the Praise, that I know best what is expedient for thee. Had my Servant *St. Paul* need to be humbled with the Buffets of *Satan*, least he should be exalted above measure by the greatness of his Revelations? And hast not thou need, that by thy inward Exercises I should hold thee humble? If my Comforts were always present with thee, thou wouldst think thy Heaven, thy permanent City, were here on Earth, and so cease to enquire for a better to come; thou wouldst take the place of thy Banishment for thy Home, and thy Earnest for thy Principal Sum which I have promised thee. Consider this wisely with thy self, and albeit I laugh not alike on thee at all times, and fill thee not always with Joys, yet I always love thee; for whom I love, it is to the end; If I close the Door of my Chamber upon thee, it is not to hold thee out, but to leave thee to knock: If I cover my self with my Veiles, that thou canst not see a glance of my Countenance, it is only to stir thee up to seek me: and if sometimes I seem to go from thee, it is to provoke thee to follow me, that thou mayst make hast from Earth to Heaven, where thou shalt enjoy me without Intermission. Was *Joseph* so wise, as to conceal his tender Affections from his Brethren, till he had brought them to an humble acknowledgment of their Sin: and was he again so loving, that when he saw them humbled, his Affections were inflamed, and compelled him to reveal himself unto them. And thinkest thou that I am less wise and loving in dealing with mine. I gave at first, sharp Answers to the Petitions of that Woman of *Canaan*; and so will I sometimes seem to deal roughly with those whom I love, and to be angry even with their Prayers, but in the end I will make my Love manifest to them, and with my endless Mercies embrace them. (The Soul) Suffer me once again, Lord to speak, that thou mayst answer me, and I shall complain no more. If we saw that such were our Dispositions, as thy most Holy Word doth require in us, then should thy Comforts rejoyce us. But alas! How far am I from that which I should be; my strength is infirm, therefore do my inordinate Affections oftentimes overcharge me: If I turn me to pray, I cannot for the hardness of my heart: the contrite Spirit, the melting heart, and mourning Eye are gone from me: If I seek Comfort in thy Word, I find it not; I am troubled also with doubtings, Armies of Fears and Terrours are against me, and all through the weakness of my Faith, and partly for want of that Light which should inform me, my Infidelity abateth me, to think that thy Visitations came from thine en-

ger, and causeth me to answer the Errours of my Conscience as if they were just Accusations, and partly for want of that apprehending and applying Vertue that is in Faith : I am spoiled of my Comfort that thy Word hath offered unto me. Therefore, O Lord, have pittie on the desolate State of my poor Soul. (The Lord) Let not, my Beloved, the consideration of thy Wants, Defects, and Imperfections discourage thee ; remember that the measure of my Grace which I have given to my Saints upon Earth, I have called it an *Earnest-Penny*, and *First Fruits of the Spirit*, to tell them, that what ever Grace they have gotten, it is nothing in comparifon of that which they will get : seek not that therefore in Earth which I have resolved no ways to give it thee, till thou dost come to Heaven. Thy Blessedness in this Life stands not in a satiety and full injoying of that which thou wouldst have in a hungry and thirsting for it. If I had pronounced them happy and blessed, that are now satisfied with righteousness, then thy wants might have most justly discouraged thee ; but I called them blessed that hunger. If thou therefore dost follow after *Sanctification*, and art weary of the servitude of thy sins ; if thou shouldst seek comfort in my Word, and couldst find none of these at the first as thou wouldst ; yet remember that I have promised to fulfil the Desires of those that fear me : if it doth grieve thee that thou canst not pray at all times alike, remember that my Children are often times ill Judges of themselves, and that their Estate is not always to be measured by their feeling ; for many Prayers may be made by them to me by my Spirit, with sighs and sobs that they themselves are not able to express, yet are known to me, and are like loud crying Voices, which I cannot but answer. (The Soul) *Oh my Soul, content thee with the Lords Dispensations, and doubt not but all thy Wants and Desires that are holy shall once be satisfied, remember how careful thy Saviour was of the People that followed him ; I have compassion (saith he) on these People, because they have nothing to eat, they have continued with me already three days, I will not let them depart fasting, least they faint by the way. O most sweet and comfortable Speeches, they seek not from him, and he is careful to give them. If he was so careful to satisfie their bodily Necessities, will he neglect the Spiritual Necessities of his own chosen Ones : they followed him three days, and he counted it a long time ; they are to go from Him, and he feareth lest they should faint. Oh my distrustful Soul, wilt thou once learn to trust in the Mercies of thy God assuredly ? Will not he satiate thee who seeks Him ? Will not he answer thee who*
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cries unto Him? Will he not care for thee who hast waited upon Him, not only three days, but many Years? And will he let thee faint in following of Him, who would not let them faint in going from Him. O sweet Saviour! happy are those that trust in thee: Lord, therefore increase my Faith in thee, that nothing may ever be able to sunder me from thee. (The Lord) As for the weakness of thy Faith, which I see is the ground of all thy trouble, it proceedeth either from the want of knowledge, or else from the want of Application. It is indeed a special benefit to have the Mind enlightned with true Light: seek therefore my Light to shine into thee, by continual Prayer, and searching the Scriptures, that thou be not troubled with the Error of Conscience, as if it were a just Accusation: I have set Conscience indeed to be a Warner unto thee, but then shalt thou take heed to her Warnings, when they are warranted by my Word: if the error of Conscience terrifie thee in any thing, and make thee think that thy Crosses and Visitations do come from mine anger, go and inform Conscience better by my Word: remember, *Whom I chastise, I love*. And when I chastise thee, I am not seeking satisfaction to my Justice, what marvel, such Thoughts disquiet many. Consider, I pray thee, that notable Promise of mine made to my Servant David, and in him, to all the rest of my Saints; *If they break my Statutes, I will visit their Transgressions with Rods, yet my Loving Kindness will I not take from them, neither alter my Covenant for ever*. (The Soul) Oh Word full of Comfort, my Soul, forget it never; that when his Rods are laid upon thee, yet his Loving Kindness is not taken from thee, and though thy Transgressions be many, yet will he not alter his Covenant with thee: remember it, I say, that in thy trouble thou give no more place to the Misconceptions of Gods Workings with thee, as Godly Job thought in his trouble, that the Lord was pursuing him for his Sins, and made him possess the Iniquities of his Youth; which as yet appears by the Course of that History, was not the Lords Intention. So have I thought many times, that the heavy Hand of the Lord laid on me, had proceeded from his Wrath, as if he had shut up his Mercy in displeasure for ever: but Lord, let thy Mercy and Light abide with me, that I sin no more with such distrustful Motions against thee: and now Lord, speak on further to thy Servant, for thy Comforts have refreshed me, and rejoiced my Soul. (The Lord) As for the weakness of thy Faith, which I see is the ground of all thy trouble, it proceedeth either from the want of Knowledge, or else from the want of Application. It is indeed a special benefit

to have the Mind enlightned with true Light ; seek therefore my Light to shine into thee by continual Prayer, and searching of the Scriptures, that thou be not troubled with the error of Conscience, as if it were a just Accusation. Now concerning the weakness of thy Faith in the Apprehension and Application of my Promises : remember that I am He, that *Will not break the bruised Reed, nor quench the smoking Flax.* What smaller thing is there than a grain of *Mustard-seed* ? Albeit if the measure of thy Faith were no more, yet have I not excluded it from the participation of my Promises. A loving Father will delight to be holden by the hand of his Children ; and knowest thou not, that as a Father spareth his Son, so will the Lord spare them that fear Him. Hast thou not read, that although the Faith of my Servant *Jacob* was very weak, as thou mayst perceive by the great fear he conceived of his Brother *Esau* ; yet his weak Faith was able to hold me till I blessed him. Be not therefore discouraged ; for although thou canst not lay hold of me by the hand of strong Faith, if thou canst but touch the Hem of my Garment with thy finger, thou shalt draw virtue out of me. Consider also with thy self, that the Faith of my Children is never greater, than when their feeling is weakest, and least perceived. It is easie for every one to believe in the midst of great Feelings, and unspeakable Joys : but when a man can feel no sensible Comfort in me, and yet believe and trust in me, and still believe and wait on me for Comfort, certainly the Faith of that man is great : and such was the Faith of my Servant, who in his greatest troubles gave me this answer, *Albeit thou shouldst slay me, O Lord, yet both against Sense and Feeling will I trust in thee.* And did not also that Woman of *Canaan*, with an invincible Faith cleave to my Mercy, even then when she had no feeling of Mercy ; and I gave her no favourable answer ? For which, in the end, I called her Faith a *great Faith.* (The Soul) *O my Saviour, thou art the Strength whereby I stand in Temptations. Cursed be he that would make my Soul to conceive wrongfully of thee. Be merciful, O Lord unto me, and never let the malice of my Enemies prevail over me. Sweet Jesus, keep the Heart that through thy own Grace would fain keep thee. And now, my Soul, remember, that this is but the time of Fighting ; the time of Triumphant will come. Why then shall the continuance of these restless Assaults disquiet thee ? If thou hadst never been Victorious but once in all thy Life time, yet what Mercy had it been, that the Lord in the midst of the Battle should make thee to Triumph. But thou canst not deny but that many joyful Victories*
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now, and before hath the Lord given thee? Therefore, my Soul, rejoice and return to thy former rest, for the Mighty God hath been beneficial unto thee: and account every one of these Temporal Victories to be a Pledge to thee of the full and final Victory that once thou shalt enjoy over all thine Enemies, when the God of Peace shall tread Satan under thy Feet. O Lord, if such Comforts be in the Cross, what is in the Crown? And if thou givest us such Joy when thou takest us into thy Hand to correct us with thy Rod, Lord, what wilt thou make us to find when thou shalt embrace us in thy Arms, and kiss us with the Kisses of thy Mouth? Oh that these Feelings might ever abide with me. What trouble would not be easie, when thy Comforts are present? Surely, O Lord, all trouble vanisheth so soon as thou dost begin to glaze upon my Soul. Therefore, O my Love, my Light, my Life, my Joy, my Crown, my Glory, my Strength, my Help in time of need, stand thou on my side, and I will not fear what mine Enemies can do unto me. O happy time, that I ever knew thee: blessed be the Name of the Lord for evermore: O Enemy Satan, albeit thy Enmity be troublesome unto me, yet I thank my God through Jesus Christ, that thou art against me, and that he hath put me in the Warfare to fight against thee; when I consider that in Paradise the Lord proclaimed irreconcilable Enmity between thee and my Blessed Saviour, the Seed of the Woman, Christ Jesus, I account my Hope happy, that thou art against me, and that Grace is given unto me to fight against thee; for thereby I know that I am none of thine: but I do stand on that Side whereof Christ is the Captain, all his Saints are Souldiers, and the Victory is most certain. O deceitful Serpent, if I have found such Error arising of those Sins which foolishly I did by thy Incitements, what should I have found if I had followed thee in all the rest? From which the Lords preventing Mercy did keep me. I have learned by Experience, that thou art a faithless false Traytor, thou dost tempt a man to Sin, and then for the same Sin that he dia by thy Instigation, thou art the first that doth accuse him. The Lord confirm this good Purpose of my Heart, that I never hearken any more to thy lying Words, and suffer not my Soul to be circumvented by thy lying Snarcs, which are deceitful. And as for the Work of my Salvation, seeing it is a Work that my God will work in despite of thee, wherefore shall I regard thy Testimony. Thou didst put in question, Whether my Saviour were the Son of God? And what marvel if thou dost say to his Children, that they are none of his. Is there any Truth so undoubted, but thou darest deny it at any time? Why shall I therefore at any time enter into a disputing with thee any more? My Salvation standeth not in thy questi-

questioning, nor in my answering, but in the Lords unchangeable Decree of Election : if thou shouldst speak for me, yet should I not be the better ; neither if thou speakest against me, am I the worse. When thou didst confess that Jesus was the Son of God, he rebuked thee, and thought it not Honour to Him for to have thy Testimony. When thou didst cry out, that Paul and Silas were the Servants of the Most High God, albeit thou spakest the Truth, yet did they not accept of thy Testimony. So although thou wouldst say to me, that I am not the Elect Child of God, shall I think my self ever the more unsure for that : and if on the contrary, thou shouldst deny it, I am therefore the more sure of my Salvation. Speak what thou wilt, thou art always a Liar, like thy self, as thou hast been from the Beginning. Cursed of the Lord art thou in all thy ways, and with all thy Confederates. Cursed are all they that are in Friendship with thee. And Blessed for ever be the Lord, who hath delivered me from all thy Deceit and Tyranny. Blessed be thou, O Lord, that it hath pleased thee to visit the base Estate of thy Servant, to succour me in my distress, and to comfort me with thy Mercies. Lord, evermore feed me with this Manna, and refresh me with the Springs of the Water of Life : shew at all times some of thy Mercy to me, that my Enemy Satan, who laboureth to disquiet me, may be ashamed, because thou art with me always to succour me. If ye will mark and consider, you shall find that the Children of God, in all their Temptations, are not so much Doers with their Will, as Sufferers against their Will : this Cogitation coming in my Mind, suddenly Comfort did spring in the midst of my Trouble ; God giving me Grace to understand that these Motions wherewith I am troubled, were not so many Actions done by me ; for in truth, I do neither like, nor allow of them, but as Spiritual Oppressions of my Enemy, who still warreth against me sometimes with Armies of Fears, sometimes with Armies of Doubtings, and with Armies of unclean and wandring Motions, and sometimes with Bands and Troops of Worldly Cares, making Invasion upon my Soul, and labouring to quench the sparks of Spiritual Life, which the Lord had begun in me ; therefore answer for me, O Lord, for I suffer Violence, my Enemy would oppress me, but Lord, my hope is ever in thee, succour me with thy strength, and I shall live ; and Lord, impute not to me any of those sinful Motions which mine Enemy raiseth against me, and in me to destroy my Soul. Consider this wisely, O my Soul, and remember it ; God that hath entred thee into this Warfare, and is a Spectator and Helper, will never reckon up to thee Satans Deeds for thine, and learn thou wisely how to distinguish them, and faint not for them,

them, but comfort thy self as long as thou art able to stand to thy Pro-
 restation, that thou dost suffer Violence in them, and canst say with
 the Apostle, This is not I, but Sin that dwelleth in me. O Lord,
 deliver me from the rage of this Tyranny; many a time have I looked
 to have been swallowed up of him, but thou hast sustained me. Blessed
 be my God for ever, and the Lord be my strength to the end. O Lord,
 how can it be possible that my Soul can live here in this absense from
 thee, or walk in the midst of these continual Snares, or stand against
 these raging Temptations, except it please thee now and then to shew
 thy Face unto me. Joseph's State in Prison was not so heavy as mine,
 his Temptations in Potiphar's House were not so continual as mine are.
 And Daniel's Fear in the midst of the Lions, was no greater than mine,
 who every day tasted of a thousand Deaths. Jeremiah in a dark Dun-
 geon, was not vexed with such Horrors as dayly gather themselves to-
 gether about, and against me; the only comfort of my Soul is in the
 multitude of thy Mercies; thou wert with Joseph, and therefore the
 Prison was the more pleasant to him than Potiphar's Palace. Thou
 wert with Daniel, and therefore the raging Lions were peaceable to
 him. O Lord, be with me, and increase thy strength in my Soul, and
 it shall live, though the time be not yet come that I shall appear in thy
 Presence, and see thee, yet Lord, let me have in this Land of my Pil-
 grimage those glances of thy sweet and loving Countenance, that may
 sustain me; for thou, Lord, art able to let me see as much joy in thy
 sweet Face, in one hour, as may sustain me for ever: and without this
 sight, how can my Faith but fail, my Hope but hover, and my Life but
 languish? Therefore, O Lord, hide not thy Face from my Soul for ever:
 but as thou dost acquaint my Soul with Troubles, so let me see at all
 times, that as my Sufferings do abound in me, so my Consolations may
 abound through Jesus Christ. I know thou always beholdest me in Mer-
 cy, but Lord, let me see that thou look'st upon me, that I may feel thy
 Mercies sweet unto my Soul; and let me find every day by good Expe-
 rience, that Jesus Christ is formed in me, and inable me to live a holy
 Life here, so that I may live with thee a happy Life hereafter in thy
 Heavenly Kingdom for ever.

IF thou art Learned, be also pious, for Learning sanctified, is an
 Ornament to Grace: but Learning corrupted is an Advocate
 for the Devil. Call in mind, and oftentimes examine thy self; ac-
 counting thy self by thy Thoughts, Words, and Deeds, especially
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after much Business, Discourses, Pastimes, &c. Silence is commendable in things that appertain not to thee, to the end thou mayst the better call to mind the Sufferings of a Crucifi'd Saviour. If God hath blessed thee with an Estate, relieve thy Brother, and so live as having little, yet possessing all things : for remember that Meat, Drink, and Cloaths are the Riches of a Christian ; and since Christ gave Himself for thee, well mayst thou give some Fruits of thy Labour to those that are his ; let Death be oft-times the Subject of thy Meditations, yield thy self wholly to God, if thou art poor, and hast nothing to requite him with, but thy Prayers and thy self ; yet if thou givest thy self to his disposal, thou then givest all thou hast ; the Apostles left their Ships and their Nets ; the poor *Widdow* gave only her two Mites to the *Poor-mans-Bax*, and she was preferred before a wealthy *Crasus*. He easily disposeth all things of this World, that doth but remember that he must dye. In open Assemblies use not always Spiritual Things, least thou shalt be thought singular, except thou mayst edifie others, and by thy Example, stir them up to the like : on all Occasions prefer the Glory of God and his Service above all things ; be a Comfort to the afflicted, reconcile Differences, visit the Sick and Imprisoned, and forget not to relieve the Poor and Needy ; above all things have fervent Love, for Love shall cover a multitude of sins : fast one day in a Month, or oftner, if the strength of thy Body will bear it, and remember to distribute thine Alms ; for fasting and Alms are the Wings of Prayer ; if Perturbations or Discontents arise in thy Mind, apply thy self to Prayer, go not to thy Rest in Wrath, least thou givest the Common Enemy to Mankind an opportunity to surprize thee ; beware of inordinate Cares, least you dishonour or deny God ; for such Cares are needless, brutish, bootless and heathenish. What need we care, when our Heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of these things, and saith, *Be careful for nothing, but let us cast our Cares upon him, for he careth for us : consider the Fowls of the Air, and Ravens that he feedeth, they toil not. Which of you by taking care, can add one Cubit to his Stature, or Penny to his Estate ; for after these things the Gentiles seek : repent daily, let not the Devil have the Flower of thy Age, and God the Bran. The Spirit of Prayer is far more precious than Treasures of Gold and Silver. Despise not the Ministers of Christ, for Christ is the Word, and they are his Ambassadors of it. God requireth we should mortifie our Lusts ; for Prayer without that is the Service*

of

of a Hypocrite : Sin bringeth shame and sorrow, but Pity hath the portion of everlasting Joys. Let us cloath our selves with everlasting Righteousness, it is the safest Armour against the Darts of Satan. The two Roads that lead to Heaven, are *Innocence* and *Repentance* ; *Sin* is the Christians greatest *Sore*, and *Repentance* the surest *Salve* : Who then would want the rare Jewel of *Repentance*, since if ye seek, ye shall find ? Thy *Soul* is *Spiritual*, thy *Body* is *Flesh* ; make not then *Flesh* of thy *Spirit* ; for an habitual Familiarity with corrupt Lusts, perverts it into the basest *Flesh* : God hath made Man a lovely Creature, do not thou make thy self a Monster : he dignifies thee at first, to glorifie thee at last. Then let not Carnality deprive thee of thy Blessings ; with thy Sins God will not own thee : if thou lust, thou hast lost the sense of Honour and Glory ; study to recover it by Grace ; thy *Soul* is *Immortal*, and cannot dye, thy *Body* is *Mortal*, and must dye : let not thy *Body* then be preferred before thy *Soul*, which hath but a *Lease* for *Life* ; then let not a moment be preferred before *Eternity* ; study not to satisfie thy *Body* and neglect the *Salvation* of thy most precious *Soul*. It is madness to seek the welfare of the *Body*, and thereby *Eternally* to ruine both *Body* and *Soul* : for so the *Immortal* is made most damnable *Mortal*, and dies to *Bliss*, and the *Mortal* miserably *Immortal*, and ever living to *Wo* : remember thy *Soul* is the *Noble Part* of humane Nature ; wherefore to set thy Affections on *Earth* is infinitely below thee. Such is thy *Nobility*, thy *Arms* are thy *Mind* and thy *Will*, which were created to embrace *Mercy*, *Truth*, *Justice*, *Charity*, &c. With all the *Vertues* of a *Heavenly Life* : thy *Body* is *Servant* to thy *Soul*, let it tread upon the *Earth*, for that is likewise its *Subject* ; let not then the *Soul*, which is the *Sovereign* of the *Body*, set its *Heart* upon that *Earth* on which its *Subject* sets its *Foot*. In thy *Soul* is the *Image* of *God*, let it not be stained then with the similitude of a *Beast* ; let *Reason*, not *Sence* divert thee, a *rational Will*, not the *Appetite* of a *Bruit* : he that lives a *negligent* and *careless Life*, does what he can to out do the *Devil* in his own undoing ; for *God* hath given him *Reason*, and his depraved *Nature* acts against it. If thou wouldst be in *Eternal Bliss*, act like *Man*, but appear like *God*, for *Heaven* hath no room for *Beasts* of the *Earth* ; a wicked *Spirit* hath deformed thee, let a *Holy Spirit* transform thee ; every *Child* of *God* should maintain his *Fathers Likeness*, that he may enjoy his *Inheritance*. Thy *Soul* is the *Spouse* of *God*, the great *Creator* is its *Husband* ; no *Creature* is worthy to

be thy Match or Mate ; then consult thy Honour ; if thou lovest the World, and imbracest the Earth ; canst thou hate Adultery with men, and be an Adultress to God ; let not a Strumpet stand in thy sight ; but especially suffer not thy Heart to run after Vanity a whoring : if thou fallest into evil Company, that shall court thee, let not the Devil woo thee. O my Soul, thou Beloved above all Creatures ; that hast God for thy Husband, Heaven for thy Dowry, and Earth for thy Service ; suffer not Hell to be thy *Pander* to dote upon the World, let thy Heart be a Habitation for God and Heaven : thy Soul is the Lord of thy Body, take then thy Bodies Homage, not thy own ruine ; let thy Soul act the Will of God, & command the will of thy Body to act thine : let not thy Body be thy God, lest thou be a Devil to thy self ; thy Soul is an Angels Peer, let it not be a Companion for Satan ; let not thy Lordship be sold for Slavery and Misery ; if thou maintainst not thy Right, Hell must be thy Harbour, Torments thy Terrour, and wicked Spirits thy Company. Thy Soul under God is the supreme Sovereign of thy Body ; be not then a *Subject* to thy *Subject* ; let not the Law of the Members be the Law of the Mind, for the *Senses* are Handmaids to the Soul, and she is the Princess of Heaven, thy Soul is a free-born Child of Eternity, Heir of Immensity, the Daughter of Almighty God, who is beyond all the Bounds of Time and Being : to whom then oughtst thou to pay thy Duty, but to him alone : thy Body is but a Prison to the Soul, thou art inclosed in the Wall of Mud, and Gates of Sense : Can there be more pleasure in a Prison than in a Pallace ? Shall a bodily restraint be preferred before the Spirits Liberty ? Canst thou count thy Bondage to be thy Bliss ? Are Chains of Iron to be esteemed before the Treasures of Gold ? Are Fetters better than Freedom ? Earth is but a Jayl to Heaven ; then be not so rash as to prize thy Jayl before thy Liberty and Delivery, least thou art cast into the Jayl from whence there is no Redemption. It is most just, that the Soul which prizeth the Devils Chain before Gods Liberty, should have the Devils Prison instead of Gods Pallace, and be for ever his *Slave* in Hell, that would not be Gods *Servant* for a Time on Earth. Then O thou Beloved Dove of God, fly to thy Coelestial Home : belime not thy *Spiritual Wings* with slime and mudd ; in Heaven is thy Treasure, and where canst thou find more Treasures to invite thee ? Be not like the *Crow*, to feed upon *Carrion* ; or like the *Blind Beetle*, to place thy Blessedness in Boggs. Make not sale of thy self, to buy a Jayl, when thou partest with a Pallace.

Pallace for the purchase, and becomest a Familiar to Bolts and Shackles : thy *Soul* is Gods Jewel, and thy *Body* is the Casket ; then keep thy *Body* clean, that thy *Soul* may be the better preserved ; it is a bright Diamond of Heaven, a spark of the very Divinity, and a Ray of the Divine Glory, set for a time in the Foil of the Flesh, til it pleaseth God to take it to himself, and keep it for ever in his Cabinet. O let not thy *Soul*, that transparent Diamond, be an Ornament for the Devils Finger, when it may sit at the Right Hand of God, where there are Pleasures for evermore. Thy *Soul* is the Purchase of Christ, and bought with no less than the Blood of the Only Begotten Son of God : then sell not that for a Trifle which cost thy Saviour so great a Price. It is better to enjoy the Riches of Eternity, than to purchase that which is but Vanity, for a moment. If thy *Body* be distempered, then thou requirest Physick, if it be wounded, thou sendest for a *Chirurgion* ; if naked, it must have Cloaths ; and if hungred, it must have Food ; for these thou shouldst depend upon God, for he knoweth all these Things are necessary, and will give so much as is convenient of them to thee. But when thy poor *Soul* is sick of Sin, hath wounds of the Spirit, is stript of its Innocence, and starved for Grace, no Regard is given thereunto, not considering, that though thou usest humane Helps, yet it is God that gives the Blessing, and is the Physician both of *Soul* and *Body*. That *Soul* which acts the Part of a faithful Servant to the Lord, shall have a double Reward, the Crown of a *Saint*, and of a *Sufferer*. The *Soul* is Spiritual, but Sin makes it Carnal ; the *Soul* is Immortal, sin is the Death of the *Soul*, and being contaminated therewith, it makes us die unto Grace, and to live in Grief : the *Soul* is noble ; but sin makes it ignoble : the *Soul* is Lord, but sin enslaves it : the *Soul* is Sovereign, sin brings it into subjection : the *Soul* is God-like, sin makes it bestial : the *Soul* is the Spouse of God, sin makes it the *Strumpet* of the Devil : the *Soul* is the Jewel of God, sin casts it into the Devils Fire : the *Soul* is a Free-born Citizen of Heaven, sin keeps it in perpetual Imprisonment : the *Soul* is Gods Purchase, sin cheats God of his due, and the *Soul* of Eternal Bliss. Wouldst thou be truly perfect, *Love God with all thy Heart, and thy Neighbour as thy self*. Let thine Eye be always upon God and thy self, and thou shalt never see him without Goodness, nor thy self without Misery : none shall see God so much as he is visible, neither shall any love God so much as he is amiable. He that doth not covet to love God more and more, can never love him enough, to whom

God.

God is all in all, the World, and all the Delights of it ought to be nothing at all. Let us be what God will, so we be but his, and let us not be what we will our selves against the Will of God. In the Service of God there is nothing little enough to be rejected. And to meditate much upon God is good, but the *Souls* great Advancement is Vertue, and it consists in much loving of him : he to whom alone is pleasing, is displeased at nothing but that which displeaseth God in Divine Matters : a generous *Soul* finds greatest Contentment in believing things most difficult ; all our Actions take their value from their Conformity to the Will of God. Love and Suffering are the greatest Duties we owe to God, they being the two Causes for which he dyed for us : he that neglects his own Will, complies best with Gods Will. So love thy Neighbour here upon Earth, as thou mayst enjoy his Love in Heaven : thou canst not love thy Neighbour too much, but thou mayst make too much shew of thy Love to him ; one great Argument of our Love to our Neighbour, is to bear with his Imperfections ; we should never endure to hear any more evil spoken of him than of our selves ; we should never undervalue any Person ; the Workman loveth not that his Work should be despised in his Presence especially : wherefore beware, for God is present every where, and every Man and Woman in the World are his Work. It is a Spiritual Injustice to desire to know the Secrets of others, and to conceal our own. We ought not to love our Neighbour only because he is good, or because we hope he will be so, but because God hath commanded us so to do : In holy Duties, we should speak little, think much, and do more : it is a great evil not to do good : the Just man never dies unprepared ; for he is prepared for Death who perseveres in Justice to the End. *Confidence in an unfaithful man, in time of trouble, is like a brooken Tooth, or a Foot out of Joynt* : as he that taketh away a Garment in cold weather : and as Vinegar is upon Nitre so is he that singeth Songs to one that hath a heavy Heart : it is no shame to be poor, though some count it acrimie ; Nature brought us so into the World, and so we must return : dost thou want things that are necessary, grumble not, perchance it was necessary thou shouldst want them : however, if thou seekest them, let it be by a lawful Remedy or Meanes. If God do not bless thy Endeavours, yet do thou bless him, that knoweth what is best for thee. Thou art God's Patient, prescribe not to thy Physician ; art thou caluminated, examine thy own Conscience : if thou findest it spotted, thou hast a just Correction ; if not guilty, thou

thou hast a very fair Instruction ; use both, and so shalt thou distill *Honey* out of *Gall*, and make to thy self a secret Friend of an open Enemy ; if thy Enemy be hungry, give him Bread ; if thirsty, give him Drink ; thou thereby shalt heap Coals of Fire upon his Head, and a Reward into thy own bosom. Charity makes God our Debtor, for the Poor are his Receivers. Hast thou an Estate, & wouldst increase it, divide thy Riches to the Poor ; these Seeds that are scattered do bring forth their Increase ; but such as are hoarded up, they dye : Correction without Instruction makes the Master a Tyrant, and the Servant a Novice : That man is a compleat Conquerour that can subdue his own Passions : faithful are the wounds of a Friend, but the Kisses of an Enemy are deceitful. Arm thy self against a profest Adversary ; but he that dissembleth Friendship, strikes beyond a Caution, and wounds above a Cure : from the one thou mayst deliver thy self, but from the other, *Good Lord, deliver thee. A man that flatteth his Neighbour, spreadeth a Net for his feet* : the *Touchstone* tryeth *Gold*, and *Gold* tryeth *Men* : virtue must be the guide of all Qualities, otherwise the Professors thereof are undone. As the Servants of God are known by their two Vertues, *Humiliation* and *Charity* ; so the Servants of the Devil are known by their opposite Vices, *Pride* and *Cruelty*. The best way to keep good Acts in memory, is to refresh them with new ones : to boast is but vain, since the greatest Conquerour is but the measure of his own shadow, and shall find it no longer than it was before his Victory : believe not *Soothsayers*, for Prophecies are never understood till they are accomplished. The World is a wide Prison, and every Day is an Execution day ; our Stomachs are very common Sepulchres of Birds, Beasts, & Fish ; they all die to feed us. Lord, with how many Deaths are our Lives patcht up, and how full of Death is the whole Life of Man ; beware of too much Drink ; where *Drunkenness* is, and doth reign, Reason is banished into Exile, Vertue is made a Stranger, and God himself is become an Enemy ; *Blasphemies* are accounted Wit, and *Oaths* are *Rhetorick*, and *Secrets* are made open *Proclamations*. Whosoever will arrive at a new Life, must pass by the old Death of the old ; he that is truly humbled, never thinks himself wronged ; the good Man is well contented with a moderate Estate, not so much taking notice of those that have more, as those that have less in this World, than himself. He that most mortifies his natural Inclinations, receiveth most *Spiritual Inspirations* : to shun the accidental Troubles of this Life, is to meditate often upon *Eternity*.

ternity. It's the great misfortune of man to desire those things which he should only use. To have a desire not to be poor, & to receive the *Inconveniences* of it, is too great Ambition; for, it is to desire the Honour of *Poverty*, & the Commodity of Wealth. There is no way happily to end a true Spiritual Life, better than dayly to begin it. He that would have a Part with Jesus glorified, must first take part with Christ crucified: we should live in this present Evil World, as if our Souls were in Heaven, and our Bodies in the Grave. In the death of our *Passions* consists the Life of our Souls. It is not *Humility* to acknowledge our selves miserable, that is only to be a *Beast*: but it is *Humility* to desire that others should esteem us so. There is no reason to be given for the Fault we commit in Sin; for the Fault would not be Sin, if it were not against Reason. Vertues have not their full *Growth*, but when they have Desires to bring forth Advantage; which like *Spiritual Seeds*, serve to bring forth and produce new degrees of Virtues. We should never speak of God, or the Things which concern his Service, carelessly, or by way of Common Discourse or Entertainment, but always with a great respect and humble mind. We should fear the Judgments of God without Discouragement, and encourage our selves without Presumption. The ready way for the Soul to have Peace with its self, is to obtain his Peace with God; we may perform many Holy Actions, and yet not please God, if we neglect to do what he requires of us, no more than a *Painter*, in representing an *Eagle*, pleaseth him that desired a *Bee*. Let us never look on our Crosses, but through the Cross of Jesus Christ, thereby we shall find them pleasant, and have fresh Desires to be afflicted; Desire to obtain the Love of God, makes us to meditate, but that Love once obtained, makes us contemplate. *The Fear of the Lord is the Beginning of Wisdom, and the Price of Wisdom is above Rubies.* Oh let my Prayers be set before thee as Incense, and the lifting up of my Hands be as the Evening Sacrifice, O Lord, my Strength, and most mighty Redeemer. Oh my Soul! What fearful tremblings are these that have seized upon thee now? So that the Thoughts of God, that have been, and ought to be thy greatest Comforts, are now become thy Amazement: Whence is this miserable Altaration, that thou must behold nothing but Judgment in the Father of Mercies, and Anger in the Fountain of Love? What hath provoked him that delights to spare, to be resolved to punish? Surely my Sins are very many, for it is not a few that will offense him, and they have more than ordinary Aggravations; for
he

he is not so highly displeased at small Offences, and certainly I have often committed them, and long continued in them ; for he begins not to frown upon the first Misdemeanour. Alas ! Alas ! the Cause is too apparent, my Sins are both very many, and exceeding great ; frequently repeated with heynous Circumstances, and of long continuance ; I have despised Mercy, & now am like to feel Judgment, most miserable Wretch that I am. I have tired out the Patience of a long-suffering Father, and have run away from the Embraces of a Loving Saviour, and have rejected the Offers of a most indulgent Holy Spirit ; so that now I fear I have stopt up the Fountain of his Mercy, and unsealed the Treasure of his Vengeance ; and I ought to wonder how God could spare me so long, then why he should strike me now, since many have been cut off for fewer and lesser sins. I see that I have deserved most justly to suffer the worst of Evils. And therefore shall esteem it an incomparable Favour to be only corrected with Temporal Afflictions, if I might be so excused ; but it is a fearful thing to fall into the Hands of the Living God. Therefore, O Lord, my Flesh trembleth for very Fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy most heavy Judgments, yet I know no way to escape them. To deny my Sins, were great *Impudence* , and to Excuse them, will be Apparent *Hypocrisy*, and to be concealed, is impossible ; to be found intollerable ; I am miserably confounded ; but was never any in this sad Case before, that I might receive some Advice and Comfort from them ? Yes surely, the Church hath presented me with a King and a Prophet, both dear to God, whose Fears were greater, though their Sins were less, and their danger not so great as mine. Yet these in the midst of their Fear, considered their Sins as the only Cause of their Evils, and accordingly they freely confessed them, bitterly lamented, and exceedingly humbled themselves for them, not striving so much to avoid them in the Punishment, as to obtain the Pardon of their Offences ; knowing that the guilt once removed, thou wouldst totally spare them, or gently chastise them for their good ; where they rendred themselves up into thy Hands, rather aggravating, than extenuating their Sins, and yet humbly begging that they might be corrected in Mercy, and they found the Benefit of it. Go to then, O my Soul, and do thou likewise, thou hast occasioned Gods Wrath by the Breach of his most holy Laws. O do not increase it by mistrusting the blessed Gospel ; thou hast forsaken him by Sin, do not run from him by Despair ; for the faster that thou runnest from his Mercy, the sooner thou shalt be sure to meet with his *Justice* ; delay no longer, but go

in before he sends for thee; accuse thy self before thou art *Indicted*; and confesse thy Sins freely before the *Witnesse*s be called out against thee; pass sentence on thy self before the *Judge* come to *condemn* thee. I cannot expect wholly to escape; but it will be a great Favour if I meet only with a Sicknesse instead of Death; Losses in my Estate, instead of loosing my God, and my Soul both, for ever. I will not therefore desire my Heavenly Father altogether to lay aside his Rod, but only to use it gently, that I may by this smart be *warn'd* against those future sins that would bring me to utter Ruine. O Lord, rather chastise me than dis-inherit me, and those Stripes shall be welcome which come in an exchange for Eternal Torments. For thou who dost change thy *Sword* into a *Rod*, I hope will be so compassionate, in thy *Afflictions*, that I shall only feel what my destempered Soul needs to recover it, and my Flesh and Spirit cannot bear; not what my Sins deserve, and thy Justice might exact; wherefore I will no longer hide my sins, but by an humble & hearty Confession will declare that I hate them more than I fear to fall into thy most merciful Hands: and I hope hereafter, that I shall so fear to offend, that I shall be freed from those sad Expectations of thy heavy Wrath, which Wisdom God grant me, for my Saviour Jesus Christ's Sake. He that hath a Request to make, that is considerable, to an Earthly King, must not approach without a Present in his Hand: but my great Request is to the King of Kings, to whose Laws I have been disobedient, false to his Government, refractory to his Summons, and ungrateful to his former Favours: and what can I offer him that needs nothing? and what can I give him, whose both my self, and all that I have are? His Favour in deed is so sweet, so desirable, and so universal a Comprehension of all happiness, that I could freely give all I have, or may procure, for the Purchase of it. But the whole World is Vanity to him, neither can such Trifles blind his Eyes, or bind his Hands, buy his Mercy to the Unworthy, or avert his Judgments from the Sinner. I would methinks expose my Body to the sharpest Torments, my Soul to the heaviest Sorrows and my Life to the cruellest of Tyrants, and would account it a happy purchase if I were sure of his Everlasting Mercies afterwards. But it cost more to redeem a Soul; I can give nothing but what is his already, and I can suffer nothing but what I have deserved: What then? O where shall I have a Peace-Offering which may not be despised: I am told that there is nothing more acceptable than a Broken Heart. 'Tis strange, Can a Heart polluted with the Guilt, and
inflamed

inflamed with the Power of Sin, slow to begin, and unable to perform any thing that is good, but vigorous to desire, and unwearied to pursue all evil. Can a Heart shaken with Fears, torn to pieces with Terrours, and even a Terrour to it self, miserable and poor, blind and naked, can this Heart be a fit Sacrifice for so Glorious and All-seeing, so Holy and Pure a God? Can he like that which I abhor my self? Alas! it cannot be. But let me recall that rash & hasty word, for he hath said it who best knows what will please himself; and if he values it, then it is worthy; for the true worth of any thing is to be judged by his Esteemation of it: who knows but such a broken Heart may be a greater Evidence of his Power and Mercy, a fitter Instrument of his Praise and Glory, a plainer Table to describe his Grace, and draw his Image on, than any other. Such a Heart I have, and if this will serve, I am happy; I will give it freely to thee, O Lord, who despisest not the meanest Gifts, if there be sincerity in the Giver. It was broken before with Fear, but now it will be dissolved with Love. I am ashamed it is no better, but thy Mercy is the greater in accepting it, and it will become better by being thine. Oh how am I filled with Admiration on the Freeness and Fullness of thy Mercies, in comparison of which the greatest humane Compassion is, and seems to be Cruelty. I dare proclaim it, that in thee are all the Mercies in the World united, and thou art Mercy it self in the highest Degree. If my Disobedience, and my Negligence, Contempts, and Ingratitudes could have separated thee from thy Mercy, I had now met thee in thy Fury, taking Vengeance without Pity; for I have seemed to live as if I had designed to dare thee to turn thy self away from me, and to try thy utmost Patience; the least part of which business would have turned my best Friends in the World against me; but behold the Mercies of my God continue still. O let me have the shame of an ungrateful Sinner, and let thy Name have the Glory of an inexpressible Pity, even to those who are almost ashamed to ask Pardon? yea, let me, to whom thou hast shewed so much Compassion, have the Honour to be an *Instance* of thy Goodness to all the World. And have I such a Father, Why then do I lye still with this Load of Guilt upon my Soul? And with this heavy Burthen of Sorrow upon my Spirit? What do I get by these Complaints, but waste my Time, and double my Misery by sad Reflections? I can neither have Help from my self, nor any Creature, but my Father alone, to whom Mercies are as proper as Miseries are to me; and if I through Fear and Sor-

row sit still here and starve, I shew not so much Pitty to my self as he would have for me, if he saw my distress. Wherefore I will arise and go to him, though I think that I shall scarce have the face to ask him more, since I spent the last so ill ; I shall be ashamed to tell him how base I have been : but as I was not ashamed when I did evil, so I must have shame when I suffer the shame of its desert, I will go bathed with Tears, blushing for shame, accusing my self, and relying on the Bowels of a Father, and will beg only so much Mercy as may banish despair ; and if I may have this, will be content, tho I be not entertained with assurance and certain Expectations; for the least favourable Look is more than I have deserved : yet behold, upon the first sight of the returning Prodigal, who came unsent for driven home by his own Miseries, his tender Father runs to meet him, takes the Words out of his Mouth, and receives him with all the Demonstrations of his Love, and the Carresses of his dear Affections : and is my God less merciful ; he who hath invited me so often, and promised me so largely ; I have done ill to stay so long ; but I will go now, low in my Desires, and high in my Expectations, sorrowing for mine Offences, and begging his Mercies ; and I hope, though I carry no merits of my own to his Justice, yet I carry misery enough to make his *Bowels of Compassion* yearn upon me, & then I cannot perish. Is it possible I should be all this while deluded so grossly, as to imagine *my Eyes to be opened, my Ways direct and full of Light* ; when indeed *my Eyes are shut, my feet are wrong, and my Mind is overspread with Egyptian Darknes, of a stupid Ignorance.* Thy Word, O Lord, is a Light to my Feet, and a Lanthorn to my Pathes ; not only to shew me which is the right way, but to let me know when I am in the wrong. But I have given my self to false Guides, who least I should enquire after the right way, would never acquaint me that I was wandering from it ; had I followed them still, I had stumbled ere this on the threshold of *Hell*, whilst I expected to have arrived at the *Gates of Heaven*. O blessed be thy Name, I now see that I have been straying from the *Fountain of all true Happiness*, and have been in vain seeking Content where it is not to be found, till the Disappointment drives me to seek it where it is to be had : if I had not been a Stanger to my own Heart, I had not been so far out of the right way : but I have supposed my self to be clear, only because I never considered wherein I was guilty, and have flattered my self with the pleasing Thoughts of my own *Innocence*, so that I have been so secure, as if I had been really guiltless ; I have been glad

glad to spare my self, and have flattered my self with the pleasing *Thoughts* of my own *Ignorance*, I have been glad to spare my self of a further Enquiry, most foolishly accounting this a Peace which was no other but want of a sense of my own danger. I find my chief *design* hath been to seem to be good, and to perswade my self that I was so, that I might be the more at quiet in the ways of Evil, and might not be accused of my own Conscience, and allarmed by the *most dreadful Threatnings*; which I supposed did not belong to me. But alas! how miserable would the end of that self-deceit have been. For thou, O my God, didst see, and wouldst have condemned me for all my *Blasphemous Thoughts*, and *Repinings* against thee; my *malitious* and *envious Thoughts* against thee and my *Neighbour*; thou heardst all those vain and filth words that I uttered with my Mouth; those *deceitful, unjust, and cruel uncharitable Works* which I committed with my Hands thou sawest; yea, all that *Formality* and *Hypocrisy*, *Ambition* and *Pride*, *Lust* and *Covetousness* that lay in the secret Corners of my Heart, was apparent in thy sight, and what did it avail me not to see them; thy *Vengeance* would have once as certainly, and more terribly, because it was not expected. It is strange I should not see this vast heap before; but surely I have shut my eyes wilfully, lest I should discern that which I was loath to believe, and unwilling to amend, but now I see my Iniquities by thy Mercy, and believe I have offended thee as much by my *Hypocrisy* in the concealing them, as by my *Disobedience* in committing them; therefore I will ingeniously confess, because the *graciousness of thy Nature*, the *truth of thy Promises*, and the *Satisfaction of the Lord Jesus*, are sufficient to procure a Pardon for me, who dare so trust in thy Mercy so far, as to become my own Accuser. Yea, my God, since thou hast so graciously convinced me of the *Evil* and *Damage* of those Courses I have taken, I will not rest in a bare *Confession* that I am in the *Wrong*, but *by thy Grace*, will turn me into the *Right Way*, and will utterly forsake all these my *Follies*: thy Mercy indeed, is *great enough* to forgive me upon my *Humble Acknowledgments*; but to live in my Sin, is as inconsistent with my *Happiness*, as it is with thy *holy Laws*. Therefore, O my Soul, he that desires thy *Felicity*, will not forgive the old *Score*, unless thou cease to run further in Debt: Dost thou not see, that whil'st thou goest on in Sin, thou art in the *Way unto Eternal Death*; and beside, art already dead to all Divine Comforts, as to the sense of them, and Buried alive in Lusts and Pleasures; thy Flesh intombs thy precious Soul, that is thus made wretched,

wretched, and the *Grave-Cloths* of vile Affections, binds the Hand and Foot from moving towards God, or breathing in the pure Air of Heavenly Meditations; and canst thou like to stay in this filthy Place still, when thou didst not see thy Misery; no wonder if thou countedst this Dungeon and Vault, a Pallace; but now thou must abhor it, when Jesus calls, and saith, *Lazarus, come forth*. Dost thou find, the more thou followest these, the less thou lovest God, & hast seldom any Converse with him, slower Motions towards him, and meaner Thoughts of him; return then from these Evil Paths, for now thou knowest the dead are there; do not only seek a Pardon from him, but desire a Communion with him, who is thy Strength and Life, thy Joy and Happiness, and will be glad of thy Recovery; that forgetting all thy Unworthiness formerly, he will make thee happy hereafter; there is nothing can hinder thee, unless thou lovest thy Sins so well, that thou wilt not forsake them; and carest so little for God, that thou hadst rather dye without him, than live with him Holily here, and Eternally Happily hereafter; it had been well with my Soul, if all this while my safety had been equal to my Confidence; for none ever thought themselves more secure, tho there was no other ground for it, but only because I was not resolved to take the pains not to behold my Danger. I have multiplyed my Transgressions, and lived in Sins unamended, yea, un-repent-ed of, and therefore have had the drawn Sword of *Divine Vengeance* hanging over my guilty Head, by the slender thread of my uncertain Life, which every thing can snap in sunder; yet have I wilfully shut mine eyes, choosing rather to feel the Eternal Smart of it, than to behold the dreadful sight which would have long time terrified me into an amendment, and have snatcht me from under the approaching Ruine. What prodigious Folly hath seized on me? What stupid Laziness hath benumbed me? Are the Pains of escaping, greater than the Pains of Suffering? Or will the Blow be the lighter, because I resolve neither to see it, nor avoid it? Awake, my Soul, while there is a Possibility to prevent thy Ruine; thy Sins are so numerous and so hainous, that thou canst not be ignorant of them, the Threatnings of Gods Wrath are so plain and positive, that thou mayst see plainly, that they aim at thee; thy Conscience cries so loud, that thou canst not but hear it, and Gods Holy Spirit pleads still so powerfully, that thou must take so much Pains to exclude these Friends as would serve to turn out thy Enemies: surely God gave me not Wit and Understanding, to make a plauceable Cover for the eyes

eyes of my *Conscience*, or to contrive *Bulwarks* of Excuses, to entrench my sins in safety, and yet I, unhappy Wretch, have been ingenious in nothing so much as in plotting the Ruine of my precious Soul, and designing to perish undisturbed: behold, and blush to see how, and where holy *David* lies covered with *Shame*, and drowned in his *Tears*, quite overwhelmed with *Sorrow*, not able, through *Fear* and *Sorrow*, to take his Eyes off that one Offence, whil'st thou, a far greater *Sinner*, art careless and unconverted; he sets his sins before his own *Face*, and God he throws them behind his *Back*: when the sight of them will not conduce to the obtaining of my *Pardon*, but the *Aggravation* of my *Eternal Misery*, the sight of them indeed is *most unpleasant*, the Object *odious* and *ungrateful*, but the Benefit will *most abundantly* recompence the Trouble; and if I behold them now so as to repent of them, I shall see them no more for ever; I will *Imitate* therefore this holy Man, and ever view the *Guilt* and *Danger* of them, that I may humbly confess them with *Sorrow*, and obtain a *Pardon* for them, my wretched Heart hath taken pleasure in the *Committing* them, and it shall have Vexation in *Reflecting* on them, for I will not take my eyes off from them, till the horrid *Aspect* of my grievous Iniquities have humbled my Soul for them, and turned my Heart against them. O Blessed Jesus, that knowest the *Necessities* of all, thy *Universal Commands* to *Repentance* to all men, methinks seems to be peculiarly directed to me, who have neglected this most necessary Duty: hitherto thou, O Lord seest my Danger, and pitiest my Approaching Ruine; I Bow my Head and Heart, and neither can, or dare disobey so gracious and loving Advice, so useful and necessary a *Warning*: thy bare Words hath been sufficient to command Obedience from me, who do expect *Eternal Salvation* by thee, but thou art pleased further to convince me; I do believe, dearest Jesus, the Benefit is great, if I shall turn now while thy *Grace* is offered so freely to all People; I know the danger is dreadful, if I delay any longer, since 'tis certain, that thy Kingdom shall come, but uncertain, how soon either Death shall Arrest me, or Judgment surprize me in such Delays: I have great cause to bless thy Name, that neither of these have happened yet unto me, though I have even excluded thee out of my Heart, and entertained my Sins there; yet Lord, thou callest on me still, and now I am making what hast I can. O remember not how long I have staid, but consider how little time I have left, and by the help of thy *Grace*, make my Work short and easie, proportionable to my Time and Strength;

Strength. I confess that I knew before, but I never considered it till now, and now I dare not stay, but through thy help, I come. O do not cast me off, for thy *Mercies* sake. Oh my Soul, thou art surely seized with a strange *Distemper*, which resists the *Efficacy* of the choicest Remedies ; the *Plaster* which cures others, doth not avail me ; I confess my Offences every day on my bended Knees, but my *Faith* is *Weak* ; my *Hope* *Wavering* ; my sense of *Gods Love* *very small*, so that I am almost tempted to live like those that are unconverted, and unconcerned whether they sin, or no ; because I find no Benefit by all my *Humiliations* ; and this *Temptation* had prevailed, if I had not seen, that since others receive some Advantage by these meanes, the fault is in me, and not in them, nor in the God whom I Serve, he cannot deny his *Promises*, falsifie his *Word*, nor reject those when they come, who come upon his *Courtous Invitation*. O where then is this accursed thing that restrains Gods *Mercies*, blasts my Endeavours, and puts me upon Injurious Thoughts against *Heaven*, & *Atheistical Resolutions* of totally neglecting those *Holy Things* : the Matter of my Duty is good, for God commands it ; the Benefit is great, for many have found it to be so ; but, Is it done in a right manner ? The failing may be there : I have been more careful to kneel reverently, look sadly, sigh grievously, and tell the Almighty a *Story* of my *Sinful Life*, with *Addresses* becomming a *Penitent*, but this comes far short of what God requires, even a *Broken Heart*, and a *Contrite Spirit* ; for I have been so concerned to seem sorrowful, that I have not endeavoured really to be so. O my God, thou that searchest the Heart, and tryest the Reins, thou hast seen my Heart untouch't in the midst of these *Pretences* ; I have not been smitten with the *Odiousness* of my Sins to thee, nor the *Danger* to me, and therefore I have not fully renounced them, nor yet absolutely returned to thee and thy Ways, and therefore thou hast not blessed my *Confessions*, which have been rather looked upon by me, as an Indulgence to go on, since my former were so easily pardoned, than an Engagement to forsake mine Iniquities ; but now I see my Vileness in making so slight Addresses for so great a Favour ; I discern my Folly to cheat my self of so considerable a Blessing, and my Sloath to slip so many fair Opportunities by my deceitful *Behavior* before thee. O Lord, I have deceived my self, I am hugely ashamed, that having offended so dear and loving a Father, I have not been really concerned more, and having so gracious a God to turn to, I am yet so far distant from him ; if I want Pardon or Peace,

the

the blame must be upon my own Negligence, for thou art apt to give, and ready to forgive, long before thou punishest Sinners, but soon intreated to receive *Presents*, & dost most joyfully lay aside thy Resolutions of *Judgments*, when we promise our Purpose of *Amendment*. O my Soul, will not this real Goodness of thy God shame thy *Hypocrisy*? Will it not pierce thine Heart to see whom thou hast offended, and thaw thy Hopes to behold him whom thou art turning to: his *Holiness* is mixed with *Long-suffering*, his *Justice* with *Mercy*, his *Decrees* allayed with *Limitations*, and is it fit to approach him without *Love* or *Fear*, *Hopes* or *Desires*, *Gratitude* or *Admiration*? Or, Is the *Forgiveness* too mean a *Favour*, that it deserves no more *Heartly Applications*; sure enough mine *Hypocrisy* hath hindered my *Pardon*, wherefore I begin to detest it, and hereafter I will look more to the *Disposition* of my *Heart* than the *Posture* of my *Body*; I will set him before me whose *Love* I have abused, and whose *Patience* I have tried, who is so gracious as to spare me, and so willing to be Reconciled to a most ungrateful Wretch, that when I come to him, I may have my *Eyes* filled with *Tears*, and my *Cheeks* with *Blushes*, and my *Heart* with *Sorrow*; I will remember who I am that go so, that my *Heart* may be humble, and what I go for, that I may be earnest, and who I go to, that I may be full of *Faith* and *Hope*, so that my *Addresses* may not be in vain, but that all these gracious *Attributes* may be made good unto me for Jesus Sake, to whom be *Glory* for ever.

Thomas Brownings's Prayer.

O Lord, prepare my unprepared and sinful *Heart* by thy *Holy* and *Blessed Spirit* to Pray unto thee; for Jesus Christ his Sake, pour down into my *Heart* thy Spirit of *Grace*, *Supplication*, and *Humiliation*; good God, do away mine *Iniquities*, and remember my *Transgressions* no more, help me to pour out my Soul before thee, under a deep sense of, and a true sorrow for all my Sins which I have most wickedly and grievously committed against thy Divine Majesty from time to time, help me to pray with the Spirit, and with Understanding, let thy Spirit help my *Infirmities* with *Sighs* and *Groans* that cannot be expressed; strike my Heart with an Awe and Dread of thy *Majesty*; help me to approach thy Presence with *Reverence*, a *Godly Shame* and *Holy Trembling*: there is no secret Thoughts

Thoughts afar off; help me to confess my Sins with a true *Sorrow* for the same, help me to depart from all Iniquity, that it may not be my Ruine, let me hate all *Sin* with a perfect *Hatred*, and avoid the very Appearance of Evil; let me no longer regard any *Iniquity* in my *Heart*, least it prove my undoing, knowing that the very Hope of the *Hypocrite* shall perish, but work in me a *Godly Sorrow* for my sin, which may cause a true *Repentance* unto *Salvation*, never to be repented of, and for Jesus sake, accept a *Morning Sacrifice* of Prayer and *Praise*, which I do desire at this time in all sincerity to offer to thy Divine Majesty, humbly begging the Assistance of thy *Grace*. O Eternal, Almighty, and most Glorious Lord God, in whom I Live, Move, and have my Being, thou art the Mighty Majesty of *Heaven* and *Earth*, thou art the great *Creator* and *Governour* of all Things, who didst make all Things by the Word of thy Power, and dost uphold the same by thy *Providence*, who art the Omnipotent God, Dwelling in the highest Heavens, and hast Eternity for thy *Habitation* in that Light which is inaccessible, to whom no mortal Eye can approach, Infinite in all thy Attributes, before whose Glorious Presence the *Angels*, *Cherubims*, and *Seraphims*, those spotless Creatures do cover their Faces, & the *Elders* do cast down their Crowns, Worshipping thee continually; thou art Glorious in Majesty, Fearfull in Praises, doing Wonders, God over all, Blessed for evermore, from Everlasting to Everlasting, Infinitely Happy in the Injoyment of thine own Perfections, and needest not the Services of any of thy Creatures, and hast an innumerable Company of Angels, Arch-Angels, Cherubims, Seraphims, with the Spirits of Just Men and Women made Perfect; all the Heavenly and Cœlestial Host continually Celebrating thy Praise, crying, *Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty, which Was, which Is, and which is to come*. O where shall I appear that am Vile, Sinful, Dust, and Ashes? For Jesus Sake have Mercy upon me, I confess that I am very sinful by Nature, and more vile by Practice, who am of the Seed of Evil Doers, and have been a Transgressor from the Womb, that I was Conceived in Sin, Brought forth in Iniquity, and my Life hath been as a continued Act of Sinning against thee, as if I had been born for no other Purpose, but to dishonour, displease, and disobey the God that Made me, and to destroy that Immortal Soul for whom Christ dyed, and the Lord would Save: thou hast been very Gracious and Merciful to me in my Creation and Preservation; but above all, in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Fountain and Foundation of all my Mercies, and through whom

whom I have Hopes of *Eternal Salvation*. It is a Faithful Saying, and worthy all *Acceptation*, That *Jesus Christ* came into the World to Save Sinners, Of whom I am chief, and I am never able sufficiently to Admire, Adore, and Magnifie thy great Name, for thy Infinite Love in the Lord *Jesus*, thy *Mercy*, *Goodness*, and *Condescension* hath appeared in this, that thou who art the Mighty Majesty of *Heaven* and *Earth*, a God of all Power, Omnipotency it self, shouldest find out a way to reconcile those great *Attributes* of thy *Mercy* and *Justice*, through the Blood of thy Onely Begotten Son ; that so poor, lost, and undone *Mortals* might be Eternally Saved, and this thou hast declared unto me *Jesus Christ* Crucified, and for me, who am less than the least of thy *Mercies* ; and this thou hast made known by thy *Holy Gospel*. O the *Height*, *Length*, *Depth*, and *Breadth* of thy Love in *Jesus Christ*, it is above my *Apprehension* and *Comprehension*, it is past my finding out ; let it be Matter of *Eternal Praise* in the Heavens : and through him thou hast been pleased to afford me the meanes of *Grace* and *Salvation* in very plentiful manner, thy *Sabbaths*, thy *Word* and *Ordinances*, thy *Holy* and *Blessed Spirit* to assist me, the Checks of my own *Conscience*, and the Light of Nature to instruct me, I have had *Line upon Line*, *Precept upon Precept*, here a little, and there a little, often hearing a Voice within, and behind me, saying, *This is the Way*, walk in it. Thou hast lengthened out my *Days*, and afforded me a large time to Repent, in exercising thy *Patience* and *Long-suffering* towards me, I have had large Experience of thy *Goodness* to lead me to an Amendment of Life ; and though in all Times, Ages, and Places, thou hast shewed thy self highly displeased with Sin and Sinners, yet thou hast been pleased to spare me ; and I have aggravated my Sins with hainous Circumstances ; the Angels when they sinned, were cast down, and are reserved in Everlasting Chains of Darkness, made Monuments of thy *Justice*, *Wrath*, and *Fury*, and there was never any Meanes found out for their Recovery : *Jesus Christ* took not upon him the Nature of Angels, but the Seed of *Abraham* ; my first Parents were banished out of *Paradise* for their Transgressions, and the Old World for their Sin were drowned ; *Sodom* and *Gomorhea*, once famous Places, for their Sins, felt, the Divine Vengeance by Fire from Heaven, and were consumed with an utter Overthrow, yet thou hast spared me, the chief of Sinners. O Lord, grant that thy *Severity* towards others, and thy *Goodness* towards me, may lead me to an Amendment of Life, or how shall I escape to

neglect such great Salvation. O Lord, thou hast been very gracious unto me, by keeping me *Mercifully* in my *Infancy, Childhood, Youth, Riper Age, Manhood, and Age*: thou hast taken Care of me, when I took none of my self; I have been *Fed, Cloathed, and Led along by thy good Hand of Providence*, thou hast given me a *Healthy Body, a Sound Mind, and a Large Memory*, my *Diseases* have been *Cured*, I have been *Fed* both with the *Upper and Nether Springs*; thou hast not only given me Things convenient for this Life, hut likewise the *Mercies of Grace and Salvation* leading to a better Life, even to *Life Everlasting*; thou hast preserved me in *Prison* beyond my *Desert*, contrary to my *Expectation*, when the World frowned upon me, and I was forsaken by my *Relations*, then the Lord was a *Sun* to comfort, and a *Shield* to defend me; thou hast been my present Help in time of Trouble, my exceeding great Reward, my All in All, my God Allsufficient, thou hast compassed me about with thy *Salvation, Songs of Deliverance, thy Special Favours*; yea, thou hast prevented me with thy very *Loving Kindness*; I have been both Loaded and Cloathed with thy *Mercies*, as with a *Garment*, and they are more in number, the very kinds of them, than I am able to reckon up. O Lord, thou hast not only given me a *Being*, but a comfortable and well *Being*, to make me the more fit to Serve thee; thou hast kept me from many Deaths and Dangers; in the time of *War* thou didst preserve me from the Peril of the *Bloody Sword*; when I deserved as much as any, to have been cut off the *Land of the Living*; thou hast preserved me by *Land* and by *Water*, and in *Forreign Parts*, from many Evils that I have been subject to; thou hast kept me in the Times of *Centagion and Visitation*, from the *Noyson and Devouring Pestilence*, and other *Distempers*; many that lived with me, are gone to the *Grave* before me; and as they are *dead*, I am *dying*, not knowing what a *Day* may bring forth; my *Breath* is in my *Nostrils*, and goes out every Moment, and whensoever it shall be stopt, I must *dye*, and turn to *dust*, then after *Death* there is no *Repentance*, this is the *Opportunity of Life, the Day of Grace and Salvation*, which if neglected, I can never have another; it is therefore of everlasting Concernment to improve the present *Opportunity*, because it is appointed for all Men and Women once to *dye*, and then to *Judgment*, and as *Death* leaves, *Judgment* will find, as the *Tree* falls, so it lies; there is neither *Desire* nor *Invention* in the *Grave* where I am going. O Lord, thou hast been very merciful to preserve me in the *Calamities* of *Fire*, and hast wonderfully Protected and Provided for me ever since; and thou hast been merciful to me indeed, to preserve me against my own

Will.

Will. I am a Living Monument of thy Mercies, a Brand snatcht out of the Burning Flame ; thou hast given me my Life for a Prey, and I have not lived to thy Praise; but like a Vile, Wretched, Unworthy, and most Ungrateful Creature, I have sinned against thee both in Thought, Word, and Deed. The Sins of my Thoughts have been more than I can think ; those of my Words, more than I am able to express, and the Sins of my Deeds have been innumerable, my Life hath been an Act of open Rebellion against thee ; I am guilty of Sins by Omission, Commission, Ignorance, and Wilful Disobedience, Having left undone those Things which I ought to have done, and committed those Things which I ought not to have done ; I have sinned against Heaven, Thee, my Relations, and against the Motions of thy Blessed Spirit, having made a Shew of Godliness ; I have denied the Power of it, and have called upon the Name of Christ, but have not departed from Iniquity ; I have given evil example unto others, by living contrary to what I have Professed, and have quenched and grieved the Motions of thy Holy Spirit, which should have sealed me up unto the day of Redemption ; I have Committed all Impieties with Greediness, and have aggravated my Transgressions with banious Circumstances ; for I have sinned, not only against the Law, but against the Gospel, not only Ignorantly, but Wilfully and very presumptuously against the Checks of my Conscience, and the Light of Nature, insomuch that my own Heart doth condemn me, and thou art greater, knowing all Things. I have abused thy Mercies, despised thy Judgments, and turned thy very Graces into Wantonness, insomuch that my Iniquities are gone over my Head, and my Sins have covered me, I have nothing to plead for my self, but Guilty, Guilty, Guilty of the Breach of all thy most Holy and Righteous Laws, I have forsoited my Right to all that is Good, & have made my self liable to all Evils, both Temporal, Spiritual, and Eternal ; it is even a Miracle of Mercy that I had not long ago been taken off in my Sin, and for my Sins, and have been made so Hellfull as I have been sinful, and have had my Portion given me with Hypocrites, Unbelievers, and those that loveth, and maketh a Lye in that Lake which burns with Fire and Brimstone, there to be tormented with Devils and Damned Spirits for evermore, that instead of praying unto thee, and calling on thy Name in Mercy, I am not howling amongst the Damn'd in an irrecoverable State that thy Patience is not ended toward me, and the Door of Grace shut everlastingly against me ; thou mightest justly long ago have said unto me, *I would have healed thee, and thou wouldst not ; I would have Saved thy Soul,*

but

but thou hast despised my Salvation; I would have made thee happy, and thou hast refused; therefore thou that art filthy, be filthy still, there remains no more Sacrifice for Sin, but a fearful looking for of Judgment, Fiery Indignation, and the Fierce Anger of the Lord, the Most Mighty God; therefore go thou Cursed into Everlasting Fire, prepared for the Devils and their Angels. It had been but just with thee, O Lord, thus to have dealt by me, and thou mightest have Glorified thy Justice in my Just Condemnation, and Eternal Damnation; but there is Mercy with thee, that thou mayst be feared, and thy tender Mercies are over all thy Works, and Mercy pleaseth thee; it is, because thy Compassions fail not, that I am not consumed. O what shall I say unto thee, thou Preserver of Men? Whether shall I go, or to whom shall I fly? 'Tis thou alone that hast the words of eternal Life, and there is no Name under Heaven by whom I can be Saved, but by the Name of Jesus Christ; and 'tis against thee, O Father; thee, O Holy Jesus; & thee, O Holy & Blessed Spirit; that I have sinned against the Holy and Blessed Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity. Jesus Christ was wounded for my Transgressions, that by his Stripes I might be healed; and I have wounded him afresh by my Sins: The Chastisement of my Peace hath been upon his Shoulders, and he that knew no Sin, was made a Curse unto Sin for me, that I might be made the Righteousness of God in him. He was pierced thorow with many Sorrows, and his precious Side was pierced with a Spear, and his most precious Blood was spilt, that my Soul might be Eternally Saved, and I have pierced him again by my Sins. Jesus was Crucified, and dyed the bitter and Cursed Death of the Cross, that I might be Blessed and Everlastingly Saved, and I have Crucified the Lord of Life afresh, & have put him to open shame. O help me to look upon him whom I have pierced, and mourn over him, that I may be in bitterness of Spirit, and grieve because I cannot grieve enough for my Sins, and because I have grieved the Motions of thy Holy Spirit. Oh work in me a hatred of all sin, which is the cause of all Evil, and help me to avoid the very Appearance of it: O Lord, thou hast given some Encouragement for poor penitent Sinners to come unto thee, and graciously invited them, saying, Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy Laden, and I will give you Rest; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; call upon me in the Day of Trouble, and I will hear thee and deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me. Oh Lord, I come, I seek, I call, I cry, beseeching thee for Jesus Christ his sake, to let me find rest unto my Soul; Open unto me the Gates of Salvation, and be ye opened ye Everlasting Gates, that the King of Glory may come in, and deliver me from the Intolerable

tollerable Burthen of my Sins. Help me to Glorifie thee here, that I may be Glorified with thee to all Eternity : Lord, thou hast promised that, *Thou wilt not break the Bruised Reed, nor quench the smoking Flax, nor despise the day of small Things :* but hast mercifully stik'd thy self, to be a God hearing Prayers : and none of the Sons of Jacob ever sought thy Face in vain. And thou hast graciously declared thy self to be, *the Lord, Merciful, Gracious, of Patience, and great Goodness, who pardoneth Iniquity, Transgressions, and Sins, for thy own Names-sake ;* and, *thou desirest not the Death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his Wickedness and live :* and hast promised, *That at what time soever a sinner repenteth him of his sin from the bottom and ground of his Heart, thou wilt put away his Wickedness out of thy sight, and remember his Transgressions no more.* And it is a faithful Saying, worthy of all Acceptation, *That Jesus Christ came into the World to save sinners, Of whom I am chief.* O Lord, I Believe, help my Unbelief, help me to Believe, Repent, and Obey ; for *Jesus sake,* have Mercy upon me, and work in me a godly Sorrow for my sins, which may cause a true Repentance unto Salvation, never to be repented of ; and for thy *Names-sake,* pardon all my sins ; for thy Mercies-sake do away my Iniquities ; for thy Promise sake do not remember my Transgressions any more. And for Jesus Christ his sake seal a free and a full Pardon of all my sins unto my Soul. Say *That thou art become my Salvation.* And let the blood of Jesus cleanse me from all sin. Oh this is a great Request, I beg, who am unworthy of the least Mercy ; but I beg of thee for the sake of Jesus, he is thy Beloved Son in whom thou art well pleased, & through whom thou canst not be offended ; he is my Saviour, and died to save me : according to the multitude of thy *Compassions* in the Lord Jesus, deal with me in the pardoning of all my sins ; and let not sin nor Satan whom thou hatest, destroy the Work of thy hands, my *Immortal Soul* for whom Christ died ; furnish me with the *Graces* of thy Holy Spirit, and give me *Believing Grace and Mercy, Repenting Grace and Mercy, Pardoning Grace and Mercy, Restraining Grace and Mercy, Comforting Grace and Mercy, Renewing Grace and Mercy, with Confirming Grace and Mercy.* Oh renew me in the Spirit of my Mind, help me to redeem time, because I have mispent much pretious time already, and because the days are evil, make me consider the shortness and uncertainty of my time ; I have but a Moment to work for Eternity : e're long *Death* will come, and I shall be in a future state when time will be no more ; and many have been taken off in their sins, and for their sins, that are now in an Eternal state of Wo. O teach

teach me in this my Day, to know the things that belong to my peace, before they are hid from mine Eyes; my day is already far spent, and my Night is at hand, I do not know what a Day may bring forth, let me not therefore any longer defer my *Amendment of Life* after so long a time; as it is called to day, help me to up, and be doing, and work while it is called to day, before the Night comes, when none works; help me to work out my *Salvation* with Fear and Trembling, and let me be very diligent to make my *Calling and Election* sure, the one thing needful, even the *Salvation* of my *Immortal Soul*, which is of everlasting *Concernment*; that whatever I miscarry in, I may not be mistaken in the great business of my *Eternal Happiness*; to that end I most humbly pray thee again for *Jesus Christ's* sake, to free me from the Power of all sin, especially, those that my Nature is most prone to, such as do beset and overtake me daily; and be pleased to discover unto me the Deceitfulness of my own Heart, which is very naughty, and above all things, deceitful and desperately wicked, the Thoughts and Imaginations of my Heart have been evil, and only evil continually. O Lord, create in me a *Clean and New Heart*, renew a right *Spirit* within me, sanctifie my *Nature*, and help me to sanctifie thee, the Lord of *Hosts*, and make thee my *Fear and Dread*, that thou may'st be unto me a *Sanctuary*; O be pleased to convince me of thine *Omniscience*, and *Omnipresence*, strike me with an *Awe* and *Fear* of thy Presence; make me to consider, that where-ever I am, & whatever I am about, thou knowest it, who art a God of purer *Eyes* than to behold Sin with the least *Approbation*, and that I have always about me an *Immortal Soul*, and that it is against thee that I have sinned, who art a *Sin-bating*, and a *Sin-revenzing God*, and that I must very shortly appear naked before thy dreadful *Tribunal*, to render an Account for all things done in the *Flesh*, and then receive my *Eternal Doom* from the Righteous Judge of all the World; O cleanse me with the *Robes of Christ's Righteousness*, let his Meritorious *Death* and *Passion* satisfy thy Justice for my Sins; let the Blood of *Jesus* cleanse me from all sin, and make me circumspect in time to come, let me be *Sober*, *Watchful*, and *Vigilant*, because my *Adversary* the Devil goeth about as a roaring Lion, seeking whom he may devour continually, and my poor, weak, frail Nature is ready to yield to every Temptation and Suggestion, not able to think a good Thought; O let thy *Grace* be sufficient for me, let it shield me from all hurt, cloath me with the Righteousness of my *Jesus*, let me be girt with Truth, and always

ways shod with the Preparation of the *Gospel*, but above all things, give me the Shield of Faith, the Breastplate of Righteousness, a Helmet of Salvation, with the Sword of the Spirit, whereby I may be able to fight against the *World*, the *Flesh* and the *Devil*, resisting the *Fiery Darts* of Satan, fighting against *Principalities*, *Powers*, and *Spiritual Wickedness* in High-Places; let not the *Gates of Hell*, nor *Powers of Darkness* prevail against me; but let the *Grace of God*, which hath so plentifully appeared toward me, teaching to deny all *Ungodliness* and *Worldly Lusts*, defend me; O let me be redeemed from a *Vain Conversation*, help me to bring forth fruits meet for *Repentance*, worthy an Amendment of Life, and let thy Holy Spirit seal me up unto the Day of *Redemption*, make me holy here, that I may be happy hereafter. Oh make me such a one as thou wouldst have me, and inable me to evidence unto my self the Assurance of my Justification by the fruits of my Sanctification; thou hast promised, *That what soever shall be asked in thy Sons Name, according to thy Will, shall be granted*. Now Lord, I know that this is thy Will, even my Sanctification; for Jesus sake, sanctifie me thorowout, and write upon my Heart, *Holiness to the Lord*, make me walk according to the Patterne of my Jesus, who was *Humble, Holy, and Obedient to thy Will* in all things, even to the death of the *Cross*; make me to consider that I was Redeemed, and bought with a Price, not of corruptible Things, as *Silver* and *Gold*, but with the precious Blood of *Jesus Christ*, therefore let me live to the Praise of him that hath so dearly bought me with his most pretious Blood, let me walk like one that is Redeemed and Translated from *Death to Life*, as one whose Life is hid with God in Christ, that when he who is my Life shall appear, I may also appear with him in *Glory*. O help me to walk as an Adopted Son of the mighty Majesty of Heaven and Earth, the *Holy God*; as an Adopted Brother to the *Holy Jesus*, my *Loving Saviour*, *Mighty Redeemer*, and the *Captain of my Salvation*; as one that is in fellowship with God, the *Holy Ghost*, the *Blessed Spirit*, my *Mighty Comforter*, *daily Sanctifier and Preserver*. Oh help me to walk as one that is in Communion with, and related unto the most *Holy* and *Blessed Trinity*. Let me never turn to *Folly* more, nor dare to sin any more, nor dishonour my *Heavenly Relations*, but help me to walk worthy of the Price of my *High-Calling*, pressing hard to the *Mark*, adorning my *Profession*, walking in all *Well-pleasing*, daily growing in *Grace* from strength to strength, til I shall appear in *Zion* in perfect beauty, in *Glory* make me to persevere, be constant and faithful to the death, that so I

may receive a Crown of Life, Righteousness, and Glory that fade not away. To that end & purpose, O God, wean me from the *World*; take off my Affections from all perishing Vanities, make me *Heavenly Minded*, whilst I am about *Earthly Business*; let my Conversation be above, where the Lord *Jesus* sitteth at thy Right-hand, making Intercession for me; let me be in earnest for thy *Honour and Glory*, and the Salvation of my *Immortal Soul*. O let me be upon the Wing Heavenward, and carry me on upon Divine Principles, help me to strive to enter into the *Streight Gate*, *Narrow is the Way that leads to Life*, and few there be that find it: *Broad is the Way that leads to Destruction*, and many there be that go in thereat; and if the *Righteous* shall scarce be Saved, where shall the *Sinners* and *Ungodly* appear? Come *Holy Ghost, Eternal God*, Proceeding from the Father and Son, take Possession of my Soul, throw down all the Strong-holds of Sin and Satan, bring me over unto a Universal Obedience in all Things, to thy *Heavenly Will*. O that my *Ways* were directed to keep thy *Commandments*, then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy *Holy* and most *Righteous Laws*, which are not grievous, as *Flesh and Blood*, the *World* and *Devils* would perswade me; thy *Ways* are *Peace*, thy *Paths*, *Pleasantness*, in thy *Presence* is *Fulness of Joy*, and at thy Right-hand are *Rivers of Pleasures* for evermore: then let it be the joy of my *Heart*, and rejoicing of my *Soul* to do thy *Will*, help me to hate the *Garment* that is spotted with the *Flesh*, shed abroad a *Divine Love* into my *Heart*, and lay a *Holy Constraint* upon me to please thee in all Things. O make me consider what great Things the Lord hath done for me, who was once a *Child of Wrath*, a *Firebrand of Hell*, *Heir to Eternal Death and Damnation*, but now by the Grace of God in *Jesus Christ*, am become an *Heir to an Eternal and Glorious Kingdom*; O let me be led unto it which way my *Heavenly Father* pleaseth, it being assured to me by the great *Charter of Heavenly-promises*, sealed by the *Blood of Jesus*, the *New Name*, and the *White Stone*. O make me to know what the Lord hath done for my *Soul* and *Body*; my *Soul* is Redeemed from *Hell*, and my *Body* from the *Grave*, and both *Body* and *Soul* from *Eternal Damnation*, and all by the *Blood of my Jesus*; and my *Vile Body* shall be made a *Glorious Body*, and my *Mortality* shall put on *Immortality*, be swallowed up in *Life*, and I shall be a *Co-heir* with my *Blessed Jesus*. O what shall I render unto the Lord for all his Benefits; help me to take the *Cup of Salvation*, and praise the Name of the Lord, let me speak to thy Praise, and live to thy Praise, let my Heart be enlarged

to.

to shew it forth in my Generation, and let it be Matter of Eternal Praises in the Heavenly Quire, when I shall there be joynd with *Saints, Angels, Arch-Angels, Cherubims, Seraphims*, the Spirits of Just Men and Women made perfect, all the *Heavenly* and *Celestial Host* to sing *Hallelujahs* and a New Song unto thy *Divine Majesty*, for thy Love in *Jesus Christ*; and in the mean time be pleased to accept of a *Morning Sacrifice*, which thy poor Creature doth desire to offer up in Praise at this time, with all humble sincerity, most earnestly begging the Assistance of thy *Grace*: blessed be thy Name for keeping me all my Days for my *Creation, Preservation*, and above all, for ever ever, ever; blessed be thy Name for the Lord *Jesus Christ*, the Fountain of all my Mercies, and through whom I have comfortable Hope and Assurance of Eternal Salvation. O let Christ be formed more and more in me, and blessed be thy Name for all Temporal Favours, for keeping me the Night past, for refreshing me with the Comforts of Rest and Sleep, and hast kept me from all sad Accidents, when thou mightest have made my Bed my Grave, and my Sleep my Death, but blessed be thy Name, whose Compassions never fail thy poor Creature, who hast raised me this Morning in good Condition of Health, Strength, Mind, and Memory, and being thus brought to the beginning of this day, defend me, O Lord, in the same by thy Almighty Power, grant that I may fall into no Sin, nor run into any kind of Danger, but that all my Doings may be ordered by thy Governance, to do that which is righteous in thy Sight, through *Jesus Christ*. O Lord have mercy upon thy whole Church, enlarge the Kingdom of *Grace*, hasten the Kingdom of *Glory*, send forth thy Word with thy Power thorow the whole World, propagate the Gospel, and hasten the Kingdom of *Glory*; remember thy Antient People, the *Jews*, bring in the Fulness of the *Gentiles*, give the *Heathen* for thy Sons Inheritance, and the utmost Parts of the Earth for his Possession, let all Kingdoms of the World become the Lord Christs, and let every Scepter submit to his Royal Scepter, that the Earth may be filled with the Knowledge of the Lord, as the Waters cover the Sea: and be graciously pleased to bless this Sinful Nation of *England*, pardon our Crying Sins, heal our Breaches, compose our Differences, give us a true Repentance and Amendment of Life, and be merciful unto us. O Lord save the King, pour down the choicest of thy Blessings upon his Head and Heart, make his Life long, & his Reign prosperous, keep him from the hands of his Enemies, let his Life be precious in thy Sight, give him Wisdom and Courage from above, make him as an Angel of God, to go in and out before the People over whom thou hast set him, and when thou shalt put an end to his Mortal Life, Crown him in thy Everlasting Kingdom in Glory, Bless him in his Royal Relations, our Gracious Queen *Katherine*, *James Duke of York*, and all the Royal Family; endue them with thy holy Spirit, enrich them with thy Heavenly Grace, prosper them with all Happiness, and bring them to thy Everlasting Kingdom. Be pleased to bless all our Privy-Councillors, Rulers, and Judges, teach our Senators Wisdom, and the true Fear of the Lord, make them Zealous for thy Honour and Glory, the Advancement of true Religion, Piety and Vertue, the

Honour and Safety of the King and Kingdom. Bless all the Magistrates of this Realm, give them *Grace* to execute Justice and maintain Truth; and be pleased to pour down a double Portion of thy Blessings upon the Ministers of thy Word and Sacraments, the Clergy of this Land, by what Names or Titles soever they are dignified or distinguished, make them sound in their Doctrine, and Exemplar in their Lives, let them shine like Stars in the Firmament, and let their Light so shine before Men, that seeing their good Works, others may glorifie thee, the Heavenly Father; and O Lord look down in much Mercy upon all Degrees of Men, Women, and Children of this Nation, grant that we may all live in thy Faith and Fear in due Obedience and Loyalty to the King and his Laws, and in Brotherly-Love and Affection to one another; O Lord, bless all my Relations, especially my Wife and Child, pardon their Sins, and save their Souls, make them near and dear unto thy self, season their tender Years with thy *Grace* and *Fear*, be their satiable good in every Condition; and if it be thy blessed Will, bring us together again, that we may Serve thee better than formerly we have done; and if it shall seem good unto thee, O Lord, find out a way for my Deliverance out of Prison, not mine, but thy Will be done, O God. I have found that thy Service is perfect Freedom, and thy Favour is better than Life; help me to order my Conversation aright, that I may see more of thy Salvation; let my ways please thee, that my Enemies may be at Peace with me; however, let all tend to the purging out of Sin, making me more fit to enjoy Communion with thee here, and eternally hereafter; vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep me this day without Sin, keep me in thy Fear, direct me in thy Truth, let thy Spirit lead me, that I may not offend with my Tongue, let me be silent rather than sin, and never repine at thy Providence, fit me for my future Being, make me mindful of Death, and let me always have the Assurance of thy Favour, which is better than Life. G God, whose Nature and Property is ever to have Mercy, and to forgive, receive my humble Petitions, and though I am tied and bound with the Chain of my Sin yet let the great pitifulness of thy Mercy loose me, for the Honour of my Advocate and Mediator *Jesus Christ*, to whom with thee, O Father, thy Holy and Blessed Spirit, be ascribed and given from the bottom of my Heart, and from all Creatures, all possible Honour, Glory, Power, Praise, Might, Majesty, Adoration, Dominion, and what-ever can be Imagined or expressed from this time forth, and for evermore, Amen.

Our Father which art in Heaven: Hallowed be thy Name: Thy Kingdom come: Thy Will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven. &c.



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